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Politics in First Place

Events on the political scene were more important than military action, during the last week in January. At long last, the State Department and the British Foreign Office decided to get tough with Franco, thus seeming to prove that critics of a soft policy, including The New Republic, have been right all the time (though we don't doubt that Mr. Arthur Krock of The New York Times will now attempt to show that just the contrary is the case). Argentina, obviously under great pressure from Britain and the United States, broke relations with the Axis; Argentina remains, however, a fascist regime in every important particular, and has a very long way to go before she can possibly be called a democratic nation. Under the circumstances, why Mr. Roosevelt hurried off a note of congratulations to Ramirez remains one of those mysteries explicable only on the ground that he was advised by the State Department and that the State Department was maintaining its usual heavy majority of errors. The Bolivian government was slapped in the face, as was to be expected. Russian-Polish relations showed no sign of becoming better, as Britain and America continued to support the Polish Government-in-Exile, and Russia hinted broadly that she wants that government purged of its most hostile elements.

Arms for the French Underground

As the hour grows nearer for us to invade Europe from the West, the question becomes more acute, what shall be our relations with the underground in each country, and with the governments-in-exile, among which the French Committee of National Liberation ought to be counted. The continuing hostility of the American State Department to General de Gaulle has obscured our intentions as to the French committee; and even more obscure is our present attitude toward the French underground. Its members are begging for arms so that they can play their part when the Allied armies come ashore. At this writing, however, there is no certainty that they will get any arms, or if they do, that these will be more than mere token amounts.

It is rumored in Washington, and the rumor seems supported by supplementary evidence, that the American State Department, with or without the support of the British government, is strongly opposed to arming the French underground, because some of its members are Communists, and our officials in Washington fear what they might do with these weapons after the war. If this charge is true, it represents a genuine low mark in stupidity. It amounts to saying that the State Department wants thousands of American and British boys to be needlessly killed in order to help along its private postwar policy for France—a policy never endorsed, or even discussed, by Congress, or by the American people. The policy itself is also foolish and ineffective. After the war, if the French Communists want arms, they will certainly be able to get them from other sources; it is absurd to suppose that we can prevent Europe in the postwar days from choosing its own forms of government, whether by violence or otherwise. The only tangible result of our policy thus far has been to make Frenchmen of all classes and all political opinions hate the United States so bitterly that we are told the suspicion of American friendship is already a fatal political handicap to any Frenchman in or out of his native country.

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A New Policy Toward the Jews?

The greatest tragedy of modern times is the murder of Jews and other victims by Hitler. It is estimated that three million persons have been killed, often to the accompaniment of dreadful torture, and four million more are in the gravest danger. Within the past few days two new groups, official and unofficial, have been created in the United States to deal with this problem. The President has appointed Secretaries Hull, Morgenthau and Stimson to serve on a War Refugee Board, which will work through American diplomats throughout the world, coöperate with UNRRA, and aid the Intergovernmental Committee, which has been in existence for some years. The unofficial body, which consists of twelve distinguished Americans including Vice President Wallace, Supreme Court Justice Murphy and Wendell Willkie, will aid and supplement these efforts. The committee will seek to arouse the American conscience; will coöperate with similar groups in other countries; will fight anti-Semitism at home, and try to compel American officials, who are often shamefully negligent, to combat it.

We wish both these committees all possible success; the cause is so urgent that any effort to help must be warmly welcomed. Yet honesty compels us to add that the Intergovernmental Committee has never done anything effective to help Hitler's victims; that there is no sign that either the United States or Great Britain is prepared to let down the bars and permit immigration on the necessary scale; that some American diplomatic representatives abroad have themselves displayed anti-Semitism and that our diplomatic service as a whole, and our State Department, have never demonstrated any real concern at all consonant with the size of the tragedy. Mr. Breckenridge Long's recent remarks to a congressional committee on the number of refugees admitted to the United States overstated the number so enormously as to be a scandalous misrepresentation. Perhaps the size of the tragedy has at last opened the eyes of official Washington and we may finally expect real action. We hope so.

What Cost of Living?

The contention of labor that the cost of living has risen almost twice as far since 1941 as shown by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics index will find an answering response from many a consumer. A statistical dispute of this kind does not involve any question of veracity, however, and cannot even be settled with any close approach to scientific accuracy. Strictly speaking, there should be a separate cost-of-living index for each individual, since habits and circumstances vary widely. This variation is at a minimum when prices and ways of living are relatively stable, and becomes marked during the disturbances of a war economy. All an index can accomplish is to strike a rough average, based on the buying habits of groups within given income limits and in certain specified localities.

The labor contention is that the BLS index overlooks too many of the war abnormalities. The foods priced for it, for instance, are only those under price control, but these foods are often scarce and the others have risen much more. Black markets are not sufficiently accounted for. Deterioration in quality is not taken into consideration—such as the lessened amount of ham in a ham sandwich, or the increased amount of potato in codfish cakes. The answer made is that the BLS index does after all cover the bulk of commonly used staples, and that the further one goes into such factors as labor mentions, the less statistical accuracy is possible. How can one measure deteriorations in quality generally?

What is necessary is a figure based on as good common-sense judgments as possible, with a rough approximation to the average experience. The principal function of the argument, in our opinion, is to emphasize the fact that no matter what good estimate is made, the cost of living has risen far above the point where it stood when the Little Steel formula for wages was adopted.

Hitler Becomes Taciturn

When a Hitler speech lasts only twenty minutes, it must be a sign that German defeat is approaching. On the anniversary of the Nazi accession to power he could think of nothing better to say than to harp on the old theme of the danger of Bolshevism. This effort was obviously directed toward domestic morale; apparently the Nazi leaders think the only way to keep the Germans fighting is to exploit their fear of Russia. In form, the speech was a warning to Britain that she cannot control the Continent even if she wins the war, but Hitler can hardly believe that such stale propaganda will be effective in London, at this late date. Apparently he fears that the Germans, seeing defeat staring them in the face, will become reconciled to it because of a hope for fair treatment by Britain. Don't be deceived, he says in effect, it would be the Soviet government which would dispose of you, and the Kremlin "would decide on the complete extermination of the German people."

The other red thread in the speech is the usual vituperation of the Jews. It is a little surprising that this old theme should be given so much prominence now, unless Hitler is counting on reports of increased anti-Semitism throughout the world. At any rate it should be a warning to us that cultivating prejudice against Jews is fighting Hitler's war for him.

"Peace Now"

The Japanese propaganda broadcast warmly praising the Peace Now movement in the United States has, we trust, sounded the deathknell of that organization.

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There may have been some sincere pacifists in the activity at its beginning; but whether there were or not is now of little importance. They have been overlaid with crackpots, lunatic-fringers, Bundists and Coughlinites until the movement itself has become a tool of Axis diplomacy. To make peace now with Germany and Japan, leaving them in control of all or most of their booty, leaving their millions of innocent victims unavenged, would be only to create a truce while our enemies gathered strength to attack us once more. The world cannot live half slave and half free. We take it for granted that Peace Now is already under investigation by the FBI. Whatever the result of that investigation, the group should be dissolved forthwith.

Bill White of Emporia

William Allen White, who died a few days ago, had been one of the last remaining links with an older America which now seems incredibly far away. When he was born in Emporia, the Civil War had ended only three years earlier, and pioneer days in Kansas were vivid in everyone's memory. The sort of Middle Western America represented, for example, in his book, "The Court of Boyville" (1899), seems almost nearer to George Washington's day than it does to the world of 1944. Bill White lived a cosmopolitan life in the full sense of the word; he walked among the great men of the world as their equal; but he always kept his roots firmly in Emporia, where he knew everybody, everybody knew him, and he recorded the life of the town in The Gazette with unfailing energy, patience, kindliness and understanding. If in politics he was more liberal between elections than he was at the ballot box, when he usually voted the straight Republican ticket, in this he was faithful to the mores of Emporia itself, which generally did the same thing. It would be wrong to say that he represented a phase of American life that is now dead. He represented a quality of human being of whom we have always had some, but never enough.

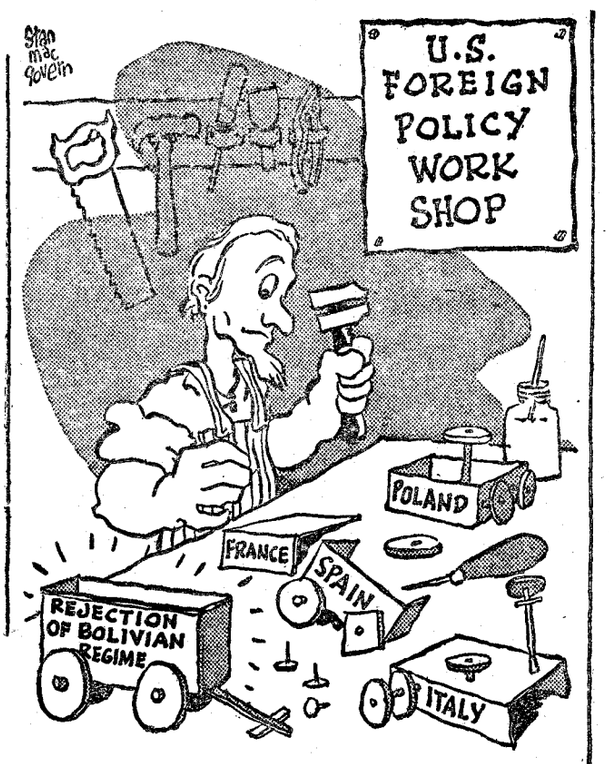
Mr. Wallace and Equal Rights

Vice President Wallace startled everybody, a few days ago, by coming out in favor of the equal-rights amendment to the federal Constitution, which has so long and so hopelessly been advocated by the National Woman's Party. We take it for granted that all our readers agree with the Vice President, as we do, that every legal barrier which discriminates against women should be abolished. Tremendous strides have been made in this direction in the last few years, and the process is continuing. Opponents of the equal-rights amendment point out, however, that if it were written into the Constitution, a great deal of legislation specifically protecting women would be invalidated and future legislation of the same sort would become impossible. Those who know most about it feel that women do need the protection of laws against certain types of industrial activity and that grave harm would be done if this legislation were abrogated. The New York Women's Trade Union League has assailed the Vice President's stand, pointing out that the Democratic Party is on record as opposing the amendment. William Green of the AFL has just reiterated the hostility of his organization. Surely there must be some sensible way to abolish discrimination against women without throwing out the baby with the bath. We wish the National Woman's Party would dedicate its energies to the task of finding it.

Postwar Plans in the House

The solid line against practical postwar planning which special privilege has been building for some time has now been completed. A committee of the House of Representatives has been set up to put its two bits' worth into the planning hopper. From the looks of the committee which Speaker Sam Rayburn has appointed, their recommendations will probably not be worth much more than that as a prescription for full employment and general security.

It is hard to imagine how Mr. Rayburn could have appointed a worse committee for the purpose. Clare Hoffman and John Rankin are not on it, but some of their best friends are. Rep. William Colmer of Mississippi, the chairman, has never done anything to confuse his record as a stanch Southern tory. Of the eighteen members, only six can be said to have shown any consideration at all for the rights of labor or the need for progressive action.



Stan MacGovern in The New York Post

Just Follow the Sample, Uncle

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As the Union for Democratic Action has stated, "Speaker Sam Rayburn has justly forfeited all right to serious consideration as a Democratic vice-presidential candidate by appointing a . . . committee composed overwhelmingly of reactionary congressmen of both parties who have consistently displayed a stubborn anti-labor bias and whose voting record is one of hostility to the most moderate measures for social control. Having scuttled the National Resources Planning Board, which had prepared and submitted to Congress a thoroughgoing program for assuring full employment and social security in the postwar world, both the Senate and the House have evidently felt the need to provide some form of window-dressing to defend themselves from public criticism."

The primary blame falls on Speaker Rayburn, who tossed away the House's opportunity to do a good job of planning for the transition and the peace. But it is worth remembering that this is another example of the administration's lack of any effective listening posts or control towers on Capitol Hill. Here surely was a case in which the White House should have interested itself and "advised" Rayburn on appointments to this vital committee. Somebody was asleep at the switch.

The Dies Committee

While practically no one except Representative Marcantonio was looking, the House the other day approved an additional $75,000 appropriation for the Dies Committee. The first announcement Chairman Dies made following the new grant was that his committee would make an investigation of the CIO Political Action Committee—which would be completed in thirty days, he later declared. The Peace Now movement will also be investigated, Representative Dies said, at the same time. Those who are sure that the Dies Committee has not changed and will not change its stripes say that the Hillman committee will get a real pillorying. Peace Now has already been "investigated" and completely discredited. Mr. Dies's researches into it will probably be as "startling" as his warmed-over disclosures on the German-American Bund, which were far too little and much too late.

The Soldiers' Vote

When President Roosevelt finally stepped into the muddled soldiers'-vote controversy, he stepped in with both feet. He called the various "states' rights" proposals of the poll-tax Democrats and the reactionary Republicans "a fraud on the soldiers, sailors and marines now training and fighting for us and . . . a fraud upon the American people." Politicians on both sides of Congress appreciated the President's superb timing in delivering his message, even if angered by its results. The Republicans leading the fight against a federal ballot for soldiers were caught completely off guard. The smart ones were struck dumb temporarily; but by that time Sen. Robert Taft was off the reservation. In the latest stage of this harrowing fight, canny Republicans have groaned and held their heads whenever Senator Taft rose to let off more steam against the federal ballot. His statements have grown wilder and wilder as things shaped up against him. The moment after the President's message was read, Taft seized the floor to spout frantically for more than an hour in attempted reply.

There is no doubt but that Congress was impressed by President Roosevelt's straight talk for the Green-Lucas and Worley bills: "I deem this legislation imperative," and speaking for the men and women in the services, "as their Commander-in-Chief I am sure that I can express their wishes in this matter and their resentment against this discrimination which is being practised against them."

Showdown with Franco's Axis

On the two great fronts of Falangist fascism—in Spain and in Argentina—the American State Department has finally taken action which may show that it is growing up in a real world. In the case of Spain we have cut off oil shipments to Franco, and the announcement that accompanied the act was written in stiff and tough language, threatening "a reconsideration of trade and general relations between Spain and the United States in the light of trends in Spanish policy." In the case of Argentina there is the announcement by the Ramirez government of the breaking of diplomatic relations and communications with Germany and Japan—obviously a shotgun announcement, with the shotgun role being played by our threatened denunciation of Argentina's role in fomenting the Bolivian coup.

Both acts are healthy, and they are related. The beginning of wisdom in our relations with Franco and his agents in Latin America is the recognition that there is a Franco axis, which has connections with Hitler at one end, and reaches into every Latin American propaganda center and spy ring on the other. It was part of the far-reaching Nazi plan, from the very start, to capture the rich resources of Latin America, and at the same time get a foothold in the American hemisphere for striking at the power of the United States. The first step came in 1936, in the Nazi revolution in Spain that is known as the Spanish civil war. The democracies, including the United States, were stupid enough to act out the farce of non-intervention, with the result that Franco's Spain and the Falange became the agents of Hitler in winning over South America for him. In that war Franco contracted a debt to the Nazis that he has been paying off ever since. He has sent them vital war materials, harbored their spies

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and agents, fueled their ships, helped them to sabotage Allied ships and materials. His Blue Division is still, under whatever new disguise, fighting the Russians on Russian soil. And he is helping Hitler financially, and has put peseta credits at his disposal for the work of propaganda and sabotage.

Does this list of Franco's activities sound familiar? The New Republic and other liberal publications have been calling attention to them, and to acts like them, for more than five years. The State Department has consistently refused to recognize them. In fact, the persistent ignorance that it has shown of these elementary facts of international life has seemed, in Freudian terms, an escape from the reality principle. If Secretary Hull and those around him have thought that Franco could be converted in time, then time has proved them fatally wrong. And the only reward they have received from Franco for this appeasement policy has been the incredible insult of a policy of duplicity which is a mockery of both our intelligence and our honor. For he has dared in recent months to court our favor with intimations that he might be won over, and at the same time he has gone ahead with his aid to Hitler. When even Ambassador Carlton Hayes has had enough and more than enough, it is proof that the cup of gall we have been drinking has overflowed.

But if we have acted finally out of bitter disillusionment, it is also possible that we have acted out of growing strength. The semi-official view seems to be that we are now strong enough to call Franco to account. But surely we were strong enough for that when our troops established themselves in North Africa, and when the Russian defeats made Hitler think of saving himself rather than of making war on us through Spain. The New Republic has always held that the military factors have played a minor and not a major role in our Franco policy, and that still seems true today. The men of the State Department are now sadder men, but is there any proof that they are wiser men for their experience? That proof will not be forthcoming until we have broken diplomatic relations with Franco, applied an economic blockade against him, recognized the Negrín-Prieto group as the legitimate government of a free Spain, and brought Spain back where she has always belonged in the family of democratic nations.

What applies to Franco applies, with the necessary transpositions, to the case of Argentina. For that country is the first full-fledged fascist power in the American hemisphere. That it has become so is one of the fruits of our appeasement policy in Europe. The Ramirez government came into power exactly as the Franco government did—through a coup of army officers engineered by the Nazis. Several members of the government are openly Nazi in their talk and writing, and one of them (Hugo Wast) sounds like a combination of Goebbels and Streicher. Given the mistakes of our vast policy—of which the most incredible was the quick diplomatic recognition of such a government, merely on its pious protestations that it was not hostile to us—the Argentinian break with Germany and Japan must be considered an American victory. Yet the extent of that victory still remains to be seen. Ramirez knew that he was up to his neck in guilt, not only in connection with the Bolivian coup but also in connection with continued Nazi and Japanese activities in Buenos Aires. He knew that the State Department was about to make an announcement of this guilt, and he feared the reverberations. And so he broke relations with his friends—an act that undoubtedly is painful to him as a symbol, and painful to the Nazi agents in Latin America because they can no longer brazenly use Buenos Aires as their center.

But, as with Franco, the real question about our showdown with Ramirez is the question of how far we will be willing to push it. Argentina is the most powerful of the South American nations. She aspires to the leadership of the continent. Under the former reactionary government her ruling groups were strongly anti-American in their feeling and policy; under the present fascist government they are even more so. Our own line of action should be clear. It should have two principles: no aid for any fascist government, regardless of its protestations; full aid to every democratic government and every democratic movement.

On these principles there can be no compromise between us and the Argentinian fascists, or the Bolivian fascists. On these principles there can be no stint in our active aid and friendship for every democratic group, within Argentina and outside.

Politics in Italy

OUR POLITICAL POLICY in Italy does not seem to be working very well. There is much unrest in the sections of the country we have already occupied, and there is no evidence that the Italians are giving us effective aid either in those regions or in northern Italy, which is still held by the Germans. Badoglio and the King have been able to furnish us very few troops, and those few have been of no appreciable help. Food is short in Italy, for reasons beyond our control; but unfortunately our propaganda made promises to the Italians that have not been fulfilled, and the result is a bad reaction against us.

The union of all political parties continues to call for the abdication of the King, while the Allied Military Government still clings to him stubbornly. It is reported that we are about to turn over all southern Italy and Sicily to the King and Badoglio, despite substantial evidence that the natives of these areas would prefer almost anybody else. While top fascists have been removed from their posts, many thousands of

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fascist minor officials still hold their jobs. The average Italian, who does not realize the difficulty of finding a complete new personnel of administration, cannot understand why we continue to let our enemies hold office and draw salaries. Italians are also puzzled to know why we should set up Badoglio in charge of a large amount of territory when he has promised to resign as soon as Rome is captured.

Some of our troubles in Italy are natural accompaniments of war, and there is no help for them. But many more, like our troubles in North Africa, could perfectly well have been avoided. When the history of this war comes to be written, we believe it will be recorded that our most terrible failure was the utter absence that united anti-fascist political front, beginning with the invasion of North Africa. For reasons no one knows, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill ignored the political problem completely, and left it to be solved on the spot by military men totally unfit by training and experience to deal with it, men to whom, in common fairness, it should never have been referred. The British political advisers were fairly good; but by sheer accident, they were dominated by Americans who were quite lacking in the strong anti-fascist attitude out of which a political policy could have been forged. What happened has been excused on the grounds of military expediency; but as of this moment it looks as though our military progress had been hampered, not aided, by our political ineptitude. You have only to look at neighboring Yugoslavia to see what can be done when the native instinct for freedom of the common man is capably organized and led.

Japanese Atrocities

THE JAPANESE ATROCITIES against prisoners taken in the Philippines, belatedly revealed by the army and navy a few days ago, have shocked the American people more profoundly than almost anything else in the war. They have aroused, for example, perhaps a hundred times more emotion than the mass murder, often accompanied by equally revolting torture, of forty times as many Jews and Poles by the Germans. It is obvious why this is so: many of the victims on Bataan and Corregidor are our own flesh and blood in a more real sense than is true of most of the European victims. The Japanese brutality is about as terrible as it could very well be. When we have won the war, the perpetrators should be sought out and punished as severely as is permissible to a country which calls itself civilized. Apparently it may be a long time before Japan can be included in any such category.

One wonders at the folly of the Japanese and Germans in continuing to torture prisoners to death, to bomb hospital ships and otherwise to put themselves beyond the pale of civilized humanity. These actions have no military value, and increase the punishment their perpetrators will some day undergo. Even people as stupid as the Nazis must realize by now that terror tactics make their enemies fight harder. To kill a prisoner does not reduce the fighting force against you. True, you save the cost of his subsequent food, and the manpower involved in guarding him; but these savings are of small importance compared with the increased determination among the enemy.

In the case of the Japanese, there are at least three reasons for brutality. First, the Japanese have always had a fierce strain of sadism and masochism. Their culture has never been a high one as regards imagination concerning suffering among others, or among animals. Second, cruelty today reflects many years of an inferiority complex for which the past attitude of Europeans in the Orient is partly to blame. Third, belief in savagery is a part of the fascist philosophy.

Naturally, news of the torture of Americans and Filipinos—and of parallel treatment meted out to the British and other prisoners on the Asiatic continent—has stimulated many Americans to renewed vigor in the war effort. Bond sales have shot up, though one sees no decline in the bickering in Congress, or in the efforts of the obstructionists to prevent soldiers from voting, or to avoid an adequate tax bill. It is of prime importance that in our rage against the Japanese atrocities, we should not allow ourselves to be dragged down to their level. In particular, we should not vent our spleen against innocent Americans of Japanese blood who, born in this country, share to the full the sentiments of anger and horror experienced by the rest of us. For us to fall to the Japanese level would not end the war any sooner; indeed, the struggle might be prolonged, since a man in a blind rage seldom fights so effectively as one who keeps his head. It is literally true today that all hope for the future of a sane civilization is in our hands. It is a responsibility to be guarded with care.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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False Prophets in the Bible Belt

WHEN LAST NOVEMBER the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, of Detroit, invited Sen. Robert Rice Reynolds to run for President of the United States in 1944 on the ticket of the newly founded America First Party, the Senator replied that he was "flattered and honored." A few weeks earlier, when the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, of Wichita, Kansas, had been charged by a courageous St. Petersburg, Florida, newspaper editor with Nazi connections, Senator Reynolds sent a note of encouragement to the Reverend: "I read every word of your reply with deep interest. These character assassins are still at large but the day of reckoning will arrive. . . ." On June 4, 1943, the Rev. Harvey H. Springer, of Englewood, Colorado, in a mimeographed letter soliciting new subscribers for his weekly, The Western Voice, published a communication which he had received from Senator Reynolds: "Enclosed herewith you will find my check in the sum of $1.00 full payment of one year's subscription for your Western Voice. . . . By the way, I have heard my wife, Mrs. Reynolds, the former Evalyn Washington [sic] McLean, speak of you most kindly." Springer reciprocated the compliment, expressing satisfaction that his paper receives "this kind of praise by such a distinguished patriot and statesman." Why does the Senator from North Carolina play up to these three preachers of the Gospel?

The answer to this question is bound up with the important one of the political attitude of some Protestant fundamentalists in the United States. Among the millions of such fundamentalists in this country there are many who are loyal democrats. There are some others, however, with whom authoritarianism in religion has proved an easy bridge to authoritarianism in politics. One remembers the Ku Klux Klan, which had at its height more than 3,000,000 members, nearly all of them members in good standing of Protestant fundamentalist churches. Anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism appear among them along with many weird economic and social ideas.

It is this army of millions of fundamentalist believers of whom Senator Reynolds is thinking when he cultivates such fundamentalist preachers as Smith, Winrod and Springer. Their fanatic followers constitute today the largest and most articulate section of real and potential fascists in the United States. No other group in the United States, except, perhaps, the fanatical fringe in the Catholic Church around Father Coughlin and the Christian Front, is more strongly predisposed toward fascism than the authoritarian-minded fundamentalists. This does not mean that all fundamentalists are fascists. Not only are there millions who have no political orientation one way or the other, but there is actually a strong wing of anti-fascists in the fundamentalist movement, headed by the Rev. Keith L. Brooks, of Los Angeles, the president of the American Prophetic League. As a matter of fact, the political dissensions within the fundamentalist camp are a saving grace. Yet there are men at work who are far more politically conscious, and more dangerous, than their followers, many of whom are political innocents.

Fascist-oriented fundamentalism has its clearly formulated ideology which has little to do with religion. "Ordinarily political issues should not interest the church," stated Harvey Springer in his Western Voice of October 14, 1943, "but three vital issues which are in the forefront today cannot be ignored by the church. These issues are: 1. The spread of communism. 2. The threat of New Deal Fascist Dictatorship. 3. High-powered propaganda seeking to establish a world government which would subordinate the sovereignty of all the nations." Similarly, Gerald L. K. Smith, in the September, 1943, issue of his Cross and the Flag, found the American people in a state of "almost hysterical apprehension concerning three major issues": the growth of communism, the threat of a bureaucratic dictatorship and the propaganda of the internationalists. The ideology of authoritarian fundamentalism may be described as anti-Soviet, anti-British, anti-New Deal, anti-Semitic, anti-international understanding, isolationist, chauvinistic and purposefully demagogic.

One of the most significant fundamentalist magazines is Bible News Flashes, published by the Rev. William D. Herrstrom, of Minneapolis, who describes himself as "World Traveler, News Photographer and Prophetic Analyst." In Bible News Flashes "you get a prophetic analysis of the news as it happens—not several months late." Moreover, as "articles are boiled down to the irreducible minimum," you can "get the maximum amount of information with the least effort." This "prophetic analysis" of the news is couched in the most nonsensical theological terminology. International postwar coöperation has become the chief point of attack of "prophetic analysis." Here is a recent choice sample which appeared in the November, 1943, issue:

> The Bible is very clear that the world will one day be ruled by one man. That man is called "The Beast." . . . The Beast will worm his way into power by a psychological warfare. His twofold platform will be "peace" and "security" (I Thes. 5:3). The peace will be based on "force." There will be an international league or federation of nations. All nations will unite for the purpose of establishing "permanent" peace. *God will be left out entirely and the effort will be man's most colossal failure.* [Italics mine. – H. E.]

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When the issue is more immediate—the question of a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt, for instance—the Rev. Herrstrom easily leaves the field of "prophetic analysis" and resorts to demagogic vituperation. The following bit of political pamphleteering is characteristic of authoritarian fundamentalist mentality: "Churchill says it will be a 'tragedy' if Roosevelt isn't elected for a fourth term. Oh Yeah! A tragedy for Britain but the greatest blessing that could come to America! Anyway, what right has Churchill to dictate to the American public? Hasn't he read 'The Declaration of Independence'? Doesn't he know that we won the war for independence from Britain and that we stopped taking orders from England 160 years ago? Doesn't he know that George Washington was an America Firster?" Equally unbiblical is an attack on The Chicago Sun and, by implication, on Joseph Stalin. The Chicago Sun, according to the September, 1943, issue of Herrstrom's paper, "is shot through and through with 'Red' propaganda. Joe Stalin himself couldn't do a better job of editing a paper for promoting the Soviet type of 'collectivism.'" On the other hand, Colonel McCormick of The Chicago Tribune is praised as representing "traditional, constitutional Americanism—the kind we had before the New Deal bureaucrats took over."

If international coöperation after the war is not Satan's plot, "Jewish Communists" or "international bankers" are behind it. "It has been established on the floor of the United States Congress and recorded in the archives of the United States Government," writes the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod in the October, 1943, issue of his Defender, "that the international, atheistic, Communistic plot to wipe Christianity from the face of the earth, to overthrow orderly government throughout the world by physical violence—as the Communistic organizations of the United States advocate, this plot was organized, financed, directed and motivated by a group of apostate, atheistic, unbelieving Jews." Winrod has been indicted for seditious conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces.

The New Deal, or what these fundamentalists decry as New Deal measures, come in for scathing attacks which in reality are directed against the war effort. Instead of explaining the measures necessitated by a wartime economy, the reactionary-fundamentalist publications consciously sow confusion in the minds of their readers which may be exploited politically at a later date. Smith's Cross and the Flag, whose editorials are reprinted widely in other fundamentalist magazines, leads the anti-administration cavalcade. The following attack on the efforts of the Office of Price Administration in the November, 1943, issue is typical: "There is no limit to the ambition of the bureaucrat. The OPA and *its hundreds of sister organizations* is filled with little halfpint 'crackpots' who relish the opportunity to show authority and work their sadistic schemes on unsuspecting citizens. The American people are in a mood to coöperate 100 percent in the war effort. We did that in the last war without being harassed and 'horsewhipped' by numberless bureaucratic gestapo agents." [Italics mine. – H. E.] The colorfulness of Smith's diatribes against the administration may be sensed from the following editorial on public health, which also appeared in the November, 1943, issue of The Cross and the Flag:

> The bureaucrats in Washington are attempting to destroy the liberty and efficiency of the family doctor. In the name of public health, they are attempting to introduce socialized medicine such as is now in force in Germany and Russia. . . . These New Deal bureaucrats and politicians have played politics with hunger, they have played politics with cotton, wool, sugar; they have played politics with cattle, sheep, swine; they have played politics with highways, cement, droughts, river dams, but under God, are we American citizens going to be alert enough, to be sufficiently informed, are we going to be patriotic enough, are we going to see to it that they do not play politics with morphine, cocaine, anesthetics, the birth of our little children, the physical ailments of our mothers and fathers, the intimate details of diseases which affect our body and which are secrets that are held between us and our family physician? . . . A government that can regiment your family doctor can do what Germany has done; it can regiment your community Church. A government that can make a political jobholder out of your family physician is the same sort of dictatorial regime that can make a prisoner out of the minister of Christ.

Limitations of space do not permit further quotation from such fundamentalist publications as those of Smith, Winrod, Herrstrom and Springer. But it is quite clear that their anti-democratic campaign represents a well integrated and synchronized effort to exploit the religious hold they have over hundreds of thousands of faithful Protestants. Not only publications in which they quote from one another's writings, in which they praise one another's efforts and reprint speeches of reactionary members of Congress such as Reynolds, Nye, Wheeler, Rankin, Hoffman and others, but Bible conferences and rallies, arranged by one authoritarian-fundamentalist preacher for another, help to strengthen the bond between them. At the present time Smith, Springer and Herrstrom are engaged in a joint effort to vindicate the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, now under federal indictment, together with this country's most outspoken native fascists. Herrstrom praises Winrod as "the keenest mind in the American pulpit today. . . . Things are coming to pass today just as he foretold a decade ago." Smith, as recently as last November, defended Winrod as "a sincere, patriotic, Christian American."

In the March 11, 1943, issue of The Western Voice, Springer thundered down to his followers that the indictment of Winrod and the others charged with sedition "involves in the final analysis the white forces

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of Christianity in conflict with the black forces of Communism and Modernism." Springer's efforts are by no means futile; they indicate the strength of the authoritarian-fundamentalist movement. For in the October, 1943, issue of his Defender, Winrod acknowledges the support given him by like-minded people: "The reaction among clergymen and laymen alike was electric. I have received thousands of letters, telegrams, long-distance calls and other expressions from followers of the Lord Jesus Christ—representing all denominations." Winrod has become a martyr.

Almost three years ago, in the March 10, 1941, issue of The New Republic, in an article on "The Battle of the Bible Belt," which discussed the differences within the fundamentalist camp, Roy and Alma Tozier concluded that "the bloodthirstiness of the Winrods and their communicants, fortunately, has not yet been translated into a specific political party. Its common denominator continues to be religion rather than politics." Today that political party has made its appearance. In the early part of 1943 the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, undoubtedly the most able of all the fundamentalist rabble-rousers, founded the America First Party, whose leadership he recently offered to Senator Reynolds. Since the party's creation, Smith has been untiring in his efforts to win a nationwide following. He has given speeches all over the country. And he has found willing lieutenants in the host of similar-minded fundamentalists who welcome this chance of becoming politically active within a political party. Both Springer and Herrstrom arranged political mass meetings at which Smith spoke, and both have carried in their publications releases of the America First Party. The March, 1943, issue of The Cross and the Flag says that "the isolationist sentiment in 1945 will make the isolationism of 1920 look like a campaign for world government." And all this in the name of religion.

The America First Party of the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith might easily become, numerically at least, an important rallying point for isolationist and anti-democratic forces. They will work with three other groups: the reactionary crowd in Congress around Senators Reynolds, Nye and Wheeler; the Christian Front around Father Coughlin (despite the anti-Catholicism of some of the fundamentalists); and the out-and-out native fascists of the seditionist tinge now under indictment in Washington. Close contacts between these forces and the authoritarian-fundamentalists already exist. The reactionary group in Congress finds an open platform in authoritarian-fundamentalist publications. Bible News Flashes for September, 1943, reprinted a speech by Rep. John E. Rankin making the Communists responsible for the Detroit race riots. The Cross and the Flag for November, 1943, carried a speech by Sen. W. Lee O'Daniel of Texas on "The Threat of State Socialism." The September, 1943, issue of Winrod's Defender included an article by Rep. Roy O. Woodruff of Michigan on "Bureaucracy's Threat to Liberty." Almost the entire September 16, 1943, issue of The Western Voice consisted of Max Eastman's Reader's Digest article on "We Must Face Facts About Russia," which had been inserted in The Congressional Record by Sen. Gerald P. Nye with a laudatory introduction of his own.

Liaison between the anti-Catholic fundamentalists and the equally authoritarian-minded Coughlinites in the Catholic Church is by no means impossible. Gerald L. K. Smith and Father Coughlin are friends of long standing. Smith frequently eulogizes the radio priest in his Cross and the Flag and laments that Coughlin has been denied free speech on the radio. In the November, 1943, issue of The Cross and the Flag, Smith comes to the defense of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, whose apology for the fascist Franco dictatorship in Spain has been criticized by democratic forces in this country, but whom Smith characterizes as "an authentic source." Winrod's Defender of September, 1943, quotes from an editorial in The Gaelic American: "Both Catholics and Protestants have long been wise to Leftists and Communists posing as Christians, with little or no faith—outwardly working for the promotion of a better feeling between different races and religions, but actually behind the scenes carrying on a diabolical and fiendish campaign of anti-Christianity, in an effort to black out the Christian way of life and to communize America."

Contact between the fascist-minded fundamentalists and native seditionists has been close in the past and continues in the present. As mentioned above, groups like the Ku Klux Klan and William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts have always had a strongly fundamentalist membership. Winrod has been indicted, together with some of America's outstanding native fascists, for seditious *conspiracy*. Springer, in a pamphlet entitled "Termites," which is chiefly an attack on the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, frequently quotes with approbation from the writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, Col. E. N. Sanctuary and Robert Edward Edmondson, all of whom have been indicted for sedition. These and similar contacts have been exposed in John Roy Carlson's best-seller, "Under Cover," which, of course, has been bitterly denounced in all authoritarian-fundamentalist publications.

As I have said above, there are millions of American fundamentalists who either have no political orientation or are firmly anti-fascist. It is worth while to recall that both Catholics and fundamentalist Protestants in Germany have fought unremittingly and well against Hitler. Nevertheless, it is a potentially serious situation when hundreds of thousands of Americans are led by the sort of men from whom I have quoted in this article. They might at a crucial point play a dangerous role in American life.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

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The AFL and Lewis

THE REGULAR WINTER MEETING of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, held with fine tactlessness in Miami, as usual, was remarkable for one contribution to the peace and tranquillity of the nation. The elder statesmen of the AFL, obviously swayed by the stentorian voice of Dan Tobin, the teamsters' union boss (and by their own political inclinations), stalled off the return of John L. Lewis and his miners to the Federation, and thus delayed the consolidation of anti-Roosevelt sentiment in the AFL until such time as it will have little or no effect upon the political fortunes of President Roosevelt in 1944. This unquestioned public service left "Big Bill" Hutcheson, the retired carpenter and the inside man of the scheme to pool anti-administration forces within the AFL, in a tizzy.

The patriarchs of the labor movement, after their successful delaying action against Hutcheson and Lewis, turned the clock back by snubbing the invitation of the British Trades Union Congress to participate in an international conference of trade-union groups from 37 non-Axis nations in London beginning June 5. British trade-union leaders, no less on the fuddy-duddy side generally than their AFL cousins, have nevertheless taken the realistic attitude that communism, like the talkies, is here to stay, and have accordingly made plans, painful as they may be, to live with the Soviet trade unions and like it. The AFL, by snubbing the London conference (in which the Soviet unions will participate), served virtual notice on the BTUC that the AFL, using the conservative, anti-Communist line, will challenge British leadership in international labor affairs.

The failure of the council to take Lewis back into the Federation on the terms before them (these still remain secret in detail) was a pleasant surprise to friends of the Roosevelt administration, since it had been gloomily assumed that Hutcheson had already paved the way for his friend, and was prepared to bull the rest of the council into approving the reaffiliation of the miners. But according to sources close to the council members, Tobin, still a close friend of the President despite the recent deterioration of White House labor relations, led the fight to delay action on the Lewis petition, and carried the rest of the council with him. Tobin was not fighting Lewis as such, since he, no less than the rest of labor's elder statesmen, has a respect for numbers, and wants the miners back in the Federation. The successful fight to defer acceptance of Lewis was based on the terms offered by Lewis to an AFL committee headed by Tobin.

Lewis is reported to have made a number of concessions to the AFL as to the emasculation of his District 50, which he has used as a nuisance weapon to organize workers in industries where AFL unions have solid jurisdictional claims. But while making some concessions, Lewis apparently has clung to a determination to have jurisdiction over chemical workers when he returns to the AFL. There are already some 45,000 chemical workers organized in a national council of federal unions in the AFL.

The council left the way open for a deal whereby jurisdictional lines could be stretched to give Lewis these workers. The AFL chemical workers sent a committee to the Miami meeting to ask the council for a charter of their own as a full-fledged international affiliate of the Federation. The council voted to defer action on this petition, leaving the bait still hanging for Lewis when the AFL negotiating committee should again meet with the miners' boss in the near future, for further discussion of the proposed reaffiliation. Lewis meanwhile indicated in a telegram to the council that he was getting pretty impatient, and threatened vaguely to withdraw his application if he did not receive quick action.

To save face for Hutcheson, who took a tactical beating from Tobin in the debate on Lewis, the executive council issued a Delphic statement saying that it had given sympathetic attention to Lewis' terms, and that further meetings would be held to clarify a number of unsolved questions. The council stated that it wanted Lewis back with the same jurisdiction he had when he left the AFL. If the council meant this literally, it would bar Lewis from the future development of the chemical industry, in which he hopes to recoup the fortunes of the UMW when the inevitable scourge of peace shuts down marginal coal mines and mechanizes many of the rest, with resultant unemployment for miners. When the UMW was chucked out of the Federation in 1936, with the rest of the founding unions of the CIO, its jurisdiction had been confined to coal mines and coke ovens. The setback to the ambitions of Lewis and Hutcheson for a reunion of reaction within the AFL was the one note of encouragement for the organization's progressives, who have no strong voice among the elder statesmen.

In snubbing the invitation to the London conference in June, the AFL leaders reiterated their refusal to grant diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Union, more than ten years after their own American government had recognized that nation. Their abhorrence for Communists is genuine and understandable, if not altogether wholesome. A Communist, to a vested labor leader, is a heckler who makes life uneasy, and tenure of office uncertain. To the credit of the AFL leadership, it should be pointed out that they declined to

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put their real thoughts about the Soviet Union and Soviet labor organizations into their resolution, out of regard for our relationship with an important ally.

Other motives beside a phobia about Russia in the AFL refusal of the British invitation were the disinclination to accept the CIO as an equal in an international conference, and the fear of the resurgent and radical labor movements of Latin America, where Vincent Lombardo Toledano, the former head of the CTM in Mexico, has been a busy little bee, "heating up the job." The AFL's Latin American relationships have been confined largely to broken-down and ineffectual movements like the CROM in Mexico.

Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, fully aware of the hostility of the AFL, forced the issue several months ago by inviting all bona-fide labor groups to the London meeting, where presumably there will be an attempt made at some international solidarity, before the professional political statesmen can lock out labor leaders from the peace conference that must some day be held. The labor movements in exile from Nazi-controlled countries and from Fascist Spain received invitations.

The CIO, the unaffiliated railroad brotherhoods and the United Mine Workers were invited from the United States, in addition to the AFL. The CIO, eager for international collaboration with all labor groups, accepted immediately. The brotherhoods and the coal miners have not replied, so far as is known.

The executive council, in turning down Sir Walter's invitation, took a weakly legalistic refuge in talk about the meeting being not "properly sponsored." The AFL leaders said any international meeting of labor groups should be called by the International Federation of Trade Unions, a paper organization of which Sir Walter Citrine is president. The Soviet trade unions do not belong to the IFTU, nor do the CIO and the militant trade-union groups in Latin America. The IFTU confines its membership to the "dominant organization" in each member nation.

The members of the executive council took their step toward reaction with the full knowledge of the vast stakes involved in their challenge to the British trade-union movement for leadership. The Canadian Trades and Labor Council and Latin American satellite labor groups are expected now to follow the example of the AFL and snub the British invitation. The International Labor Office, a remnant of the League of Nations, in which the AFL is represented, is meanwhile planning a meeting in Philadelphia for April 20. This meeting will be a pretty obvious attempt to take the gloss off the London meeting planned by the British in June. Not until the June meeting is held, however, will it be apparent whether the reactionary international stand of the AFL emasculates the London conference or places the AFL in a position of hopeless estrangement from a forward-looking world.

Miami EDWIN A. LAHEY

Democratic Prospects for '44

MANY OF THE TOP Democratic Party politicians are confident that President Roosevelt is as good as reëlected for a fourth term. Perhaps they are overconfident; or perhaps they just see farther than ordinary mortals. We shall have to wait until next November to find out.

Men and women of the National Democratic Committee recently gathered in Washington to celebrate Andrew Jackson's birthday and attend the National Committee meeting. They arrived in the deepest gloom you could imagine. Whenever one asked another, "How's your state?" the invariable answer was "terrible." Before they left, however, they had cheered up amazingly. This was partly because they all shook hands with the President himself, and he worked his old familiar magic on them. It was even more, however, because they saw that the top men of the party were firmly convinced the President would run again. They all knew that without him they had no chance. They all believed that with him they had a pretty good chance.

Rebellion within the party against the President and some of his policies was quickly blocked. A serious one was the revolt led by Nebraska committeeman James Quigley against Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard. Mention of the magic Roosevelt name stopped those who would have been inclined to side with Quigley. Another revolt was headed by ex-Gov. E. D. Rivers, Georgia committeeman, who wanted to restore the two-thirds rule. The committee tabled his resolutions, and that was that.

The members of the committee were also cheered up a good deal by the appointment of Robert Hannegan, a young Irish Catholic from St. Louis, as chairman. It has been no secret that Frank Walker has not been a good chairman. He didn't want the job, and has repeatedly asked to be let off. Hannegan is big and bluff, like Jim Farley. Like Farley, too, he comes from the wrong side of the tracks. Since his appointment I have talked with dozens of Democratic politicians who approve his choice more enthusiastically and unanimously than anything edse that happened in the past four years. He talks politician language, and his thinking begins in the precinct.

The House of Representatives is flattered by the fact that Hannegan seems to have more respect for that

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body than any of his recent predecessors have had. The campaign specialists tell you of his fine memory as they used to tell you about Farley's, but they hasten to add that Hannegan's memory runs along a different line, and they think an even more effective one. Whereas Jim Farley remembered your grandmother's maiden name and whether your sinuses were giving you trouble, Hannegan has been impressing his fellow Democrats with his faculty for remembering in detail the political problems they last discussed.

Perhaps the most interesting point about the Hannegan appointment, as at least one columnist has pointed out, is the fact that he was unknown to the President and to most of the other top party men as well. Here, finally, the President has shown a willingness to take party business off the personal level and put it on the professional plane. Hannegan is already showing the same tendency within the Democratic national staff. Old Roosevelt cronies and family retainers who have held down strategic committee posts principally because officials shied away from replacing or outranking them, are now being given a careful once-over.

The new chairman is showing proper interest in stepping up the women's program in view of the fact that the women's vote will almost certainly constitute a majority of the civilian vote to be cast in 1944. The Negroes will have a newly receptive port of call in Washington. And to finance an adequate program, the National Committee, in addition to plans for continuing fat collections wherever possible, has engaged a slambang raiser of small amounts of money to try to put the campaign on the "black" basis the committee has now reached for the first time in years.

It is for all these reasons that the Democrats who arrived for Jackson Day cast down, left Washington all hopped up. But while this pleasant oleo was dished out to the crowd, the party's inside men were playing with an entirely different set of factors, figuring the angles on some more unpleasant facts.

The Democratic experts have got out their slickest slide-rules to try to figure the national vote down to the last decimal point. How will international developments influence the Polish-American vote, the Lithuanians or the other Slavic groups? There are unsubstantiated rumors in Washington that since the '40 elections, Republicans have got control of a good piece of the Polish-language press in this country. True or not, the most important factor, as far as the Slavic vote for '44 is concerned, is our own policy in regard to that part of Europe and in regard to the small nations generally.

In the other three Roosevelt campaigns, the Poles have formed a hard central core of support in the crucial industrial cities of the North. Now there is a growing disaffection within that group. It is not surprising that the Poles should be greatly concerned about the boundary dispute between their former home and Soviet Russia; and since the American government appears to be at least neutral in that dispute, if not leaning somewhat toward Russia, enthusiasm for President Roosevelt is cooling. Most of the Polish-language newspapers, however, do not yet openly criticize the President in regard to the Polish-Russian situation, and it is still possible that in one way or another, the Polish vote can be brought back into line for the Democrats. Not even the KNAPP (or American Friends of Poland) has hit out at Mr. Roosevelt yet in its broadsides against the Russian policy.

The Negro vote is in the worst shape it has been in since 1932. The old-time Negro Republican vote, never really New Deal in its purpose, is clearly lost back to the Republicans. But even large numbers of young Negroes and others who have been fully committed to the New Deal are showing signs of deserting the Democrats this time. The party professionals refuse to get excited about this and contend that regardless of what is or is not done for the Negroes between now and the elections, the majority of them will wind up voting for the Roosevelt ticket.

Democratic strategists on the congressional side are not impressed by all the ruckus being caused by amateur politicians who are direly predicting complete loss of the farm vote for the Democrats in '44. They point out that the Democrats have already lost just about all the farmers it is possible to lose as far as congressional campaigns are concerned, the crucial tests of this year. As of now, they remind you, the Democrats hold only three rural districts north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Those are freak districts, and what it comes down to is that the Democrats could not suffer any further congressional losses as a result of farm bloc activity if they tried!

Leaders of the Democratic senatorial campaign for 1944 predict that they will just about hold their own —maybe gaining or losing a few seats but not enough to shift the balance of power. Republican leaders say they will undoubtedly take control of the Senate as a result of the elections. House Democratic campaigners say that a Democratic ticket is so different from the kind offered by the party in 1932 that the Democrats can actually expect some gains in the lower House in the elections. Roosevelt will sweep men in, they say. It has happened before. But pushed to the wall, these Democratic optimists admit that three-quarters of their chances for coming off this well depend on how much the Hillman committee and other groups do to get out the labor, progressive and independent vote next fall.

As of now, the faithful are floating on a cloud of Rooseveltian optimism. Everything is going to be all right, they are inclined to say. It will be up to Bob Hannegan as a real National Chairman to puncture this false optimism and bring the Democratic campaign for 1944 back to the level of reality.

Washington HELEN FULLER

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Music in Wartime[1]

MUSICIANS who were ready to be ignored in the stampede for the most destructive weapon are recovering from the surprise of a war which adopts Beethoven as a motto and surrenders its planes to transport the microfilm of a new Soviet symphony. A total war, it had been anticipated, would have little room for anything so removed from the utilitarian. But it now becomes evident that even violent attacks on civilian centers (as in Russia and England) do not necessarily eliminate concerts, and even the redirection of energy and economy is incapable of disturbing the stability of American concert and radio activity. The music world has, in fact, remained so little altered that the most conspicuous sign of deprivation appears to be the directive issued by Philadelphia society that dinner jackets "and even civilian clothes" are in good form for the opening of the opera.

The contrast of flourishing concerts in the cities and devastation in the fields seems, perhaps, not too ironic to a nation which likes to distinguish itself from the enemy in its superiority to the crude practice of suppressing whatever is not materially instrumental to military force and world domination. Though all the arts have their highest aim in something which lies beyond their practical function in ordinary daily existence, music, which admittedly has application in marches and ceremonies, seems to most people to remain the most faithful to this "unworldly" end. As such, it offers a direct antithesis to Nazi materialism. Even where effort is made to break down music's self-subsistence, the very mystery which surrounds its aim and content makes it possible for people to ascribe to it arbitrarily their loftiest (*i. e.*, anti-fascist) ideals—ideals so vague and beyond grasp that mediums dealing in concrete imagery are able to express them to almost no one's satisfaction. The superficial suggestion of the Morse code in a melodic detail is elevated into a symbol in such a way that an entire symphony written more than a century ago curiously summons up for many listeners the aspirations of our time.

In this war, what often seems to matter more than the perpetuation of music is the *idea* that music is being perpetuated. This is one reason why Shostakovich is such an extraordinary means of propaganda. The Soviet embassy's pamphlet, "Soviet Art in Wartime," places music first. Russia points to its celebrated young composer, who is wholly the product of her new regime, and asks, "what has Germany given to the world in the last several decades? . . . A youth brought up in the spirit of hatred for other countries is impotent to create even the semblance of art."

Music's present thriving state is thus enough to justify itself by contributing to our self-assurance that we are keeping alive the spiritual values we are presumably fighting for. There are always, however, individuals who want to vindicate themselves by establishing a closer link with the war effort. There is, for example, the function of all arts to sustain "morale." Art, as Tolstoy has said, has the "quality of uniting all men in one common belief," but music is peculiarly independent of language and free in its associations, and thus achieves wider acceptance. Its unique rhythmic character moves large groups simultaneously, and often in a more effective manner than ambiguous political pep-talks. The magazine, Modern Industry, makes no secret of the fact that the musical recordings broadcast over the newly installed loud-speaker systems in several factories have "solved the problem of bitter friction after December 7 among workers of many different nationalities. . . . Hardly a shift passed without a few fights. Music changed all that, brought harmony into the worker ranks." (The brief musical periods at intervals of about an hour are said to increase output up to 11 percent, provided hot music is avoided—and also "Deep in the Heart of Texas," which makes British workers stop to clap.)

The term "morale" allows of a broad or a narrow interpretation. In its broadest sense, it may simply mean that people must be kept happy through expanded popular availability of devices normally enriching to life. The present Lewisohn Stadium Concerts were instituted in the last war for just this purpose. Music in industry may likewise survive this war as an analogous contribution to permanent musical organizations of America and England (after a pre-war Soviet model). Along similar lines are the very low-priced concerts sponsored in England by the wartime Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, the free events under the auspices of the League of Composers in New York parks for "citizens in wartime," and the American Symphony Orchestra organized exclusively for the army by USO-Camp Shows. Innovations here fall short of replacing the WPA, sacrificed to war needs. But Petrillo's proposal to allot $500,000 of American Federation of Musicians funds for free concerts in small cities by major orchestras, might partially compensate for the gap—though it seems hardly likely that such an idealistic proposal will ever be realized.

A narrower sense of "morale" is its implication of a disciplined and unified will: the loyalties of people must be mobilized and directed. It may seem, at first, that music is less available than other arts in the attainment of such a narrowly controlled response, for unless

[1] This is the fifth of a series of articles. The sixth will be "Advertising in Wartime," by "Madison Avenue." – THE EDITORS

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it is joined to words it cannot point to the leaders and tell people why they must be loyal. But the very absence of specific content makes it unlikely to come into moral conflict with authority, as poetry might in the merest reference to Badoglio, or a mural in its characters and expression. Further, a concert's atmosphere of a public meeting and the international programs and personnel provide superficial but important avenues through which a regimen of flag-waving may be projected. In 1917, concerts were frankly used to arouse patriotic hysteria, heightened by a crusade against foreign music. Anna Case and Schumann-Heinck draped themselves in the flag to sing our anthem; half-hour pleas for recruits and bonds were made in the intermission; "Patriotic Concert" was a typical rubric adopted for a musical event. Beethoven and Wagner were the objects of attack; Kreisler was driven into seclusion because he had formerly served in enemy forces; the conductor Karl Muck, a former friend of the Kaiser, was the victim of audience demonstrations and a prison term on doubtful grounds of espionage.

In our day, no flag-draped diva, no singer at all, glamorizes the usual orchestral rendition of the anthem at symphonic concerts; million-dollar-bond concerts under Toscanini accomplish their purpose with dignity at the box office; "New Wartime Music" or "Victory Concert" may identify a program, but nothing so compromising as "Patriotic Concert." Beethoven is a hero and a symbol; letters to The New York Times lashing Wagnerian ideology are mildly refuted but mostly ignored; Pinza, the great Metropolitan bass and former friend of Mussolini, is detained at Ellis Island for questioning but promptly welcomed back to the platform on release. An all-Verdi program, a rarity in peacetime, is broadcast by Toscanini at the height of the Sicilian invasion. (The gesture was thrown into dramatic relief by the news of Mussolini's fall, the very day of the performance.) Even the enemy's composer-laureate, Richard Strauss, is still vigorously applauded, and his operas are presented at the Metropolitan more frequently than in many previous seasons.

A certain wartime spirit does, of course, manifest itself. There are the V's which are illuminated on both sides of the proscenium at the performances of the ballet, with a brief sounding of the Victory motif after the playing of the anthem. There are such gestures as the broadcast on Italy's surrender: "Victory, Act I," with Toscanini (guardian of liberation in the eyes of the Italian people) conducting the fine old Garibaldi hymn three times in deliberate rebuff to "Giovanezza," which he had refused to play in 1931—and was beaten, as a result, by Fascists. We have United Nations salutes with the Harris-MacLeish "Freedom's Land" and the Shostakovich Allied Nations Song (both, incidentally, surprisingly more reminiscent of our "good-boy" public-school anthems than of the vital early Russian revolutionary songs). But in terms of the hysteria of the last war, the musical scene appears remarkably sober—although future victories, specifically of American fighters, may act as a spur to our positive demonstrations.

This spectacle of extraordinary tolerance, because of its very assertion of the freedom for which the war is fought, has been comforting to a nation which idealizes music for the sake of exalted liberal principles. I believe, however, that the admittedly gratifying impression of the more noticeable events and the especially favorable light shed by the contrast with the last war, may lead to an exaggerated complacence. Our admission of Wagner, Verdi and Strauss may set us apart from a Germany which bans music of Allied composers, living or dead. But our general broad-mindedness may not be wholly responsible for this. In the first place, our hostility toward a political party rather than a people, though it does not explain the case of Strauss, exonerates the older composers in our eyes in this war more than it did in the last. There are some chroniclers, moreover, who feel that neither our devotion to "spiritual" ideals nor our intelligent avoidance of chauvinism is as much responsible for a continued indulgence toward German music as is a strictly musical maturity.

It is inevitable that greater discrimination should result from exposure to the polished offerings of radio, phonograph and concerts at the remarkable level of performance established here since the last war, and that certain musical values should have become sufficiently incorporated into personal experience no longer to present themselves merely as symbols of enemy culture. But this maturity does not as yet go too deeply. Some of the indifference which an immature public exhibited toward Beethoven and Wagner is still in evidence, though it is now manifested with respect to less prominent names. This indifference brings in its wake a residue of the attitude of 1917, which now expresses itself, however, in an unmalicious and milder form. Thus, when things do not interest us very much in themselves, we are only too likely to be guided in our emphases by external considerations. Some undertakings are easily eclipsed by inferior ones which survive through an accidental or contrived conspiracy with our dominant international sympathies or conceptual concerns of the moment. No one is making a point of decrying any of this music because of native origin; and the reason discrimination gets by at a time when people are still trying to live down their behavior in 1917, may be that no one notices it much because it is not manifested with reference to the most widely accepted, and therefore most publicized, music.

Conductors fight over first-performance rights of a symphony by a young Russian even before seeing his score, and almost everyone can now pronounce a taxing Russian name known here until a few years ago

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mainly to symphony audiences. It is perhaps significant that performances of Sibelius have declined somewhat, while Shostakovich outshines any of his predecessors by exacting the unheard-of fee of $10,000 for first American performance rights of his Eighth Symphony, soon to be heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System. As to the Metropolitan's proposal to mount Prokofiev's "War and Peace," the motive of "good will" is explicitly stated. Even if, like previous idealistic projects, it should never be followed through, the mere interest of the Metropolitan in anything so contemporary in idiom is astonishing.

Russia is not the only country to profit from new alliances. Latin Americans are now published here extensively through the intervention of the Pan American Union. And I wonder to what extent our sympathies for the oppressed Czechs have joined purely musical factors of immediate success to determine the position of Bohuslav Martinu, who has now taken the lead over any composer in recent memory in his ability to have his works in fairly up-to-date idiom accepted for performance as rapidly as they come from his pen. For certainly, the Hungarian Bela Bartok and the French Darius Milhaud, who came here about the same time as he did, are his obvious superiors.

It is tempting to speculate upon the degree to which Stravinsky, even writing as he does, would now be played had he remained in Russia with Prokofiev, or had he merely acknowledged the Red Army as Rachmaninov did (who, after maintaining for twenty-five years, "There is no Russia," donated his concert receipts to Russian War Relief shortly before his death). Thus, the American Roy Harris solidified his position as a composer merely by dedicating his Fifth Symphony to the Soviets on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army. (The OWI immediately came to his aid with short-wave broadcasts.) Morton Gould has been successful with a gaudy orchestration of the "Red Cavalry March." (It is ironic that the Russian Stravinsky, on the other hand, now residing in California, has orchestrated our "Star-Spangled Banner.")

But the Russian label is just one part of the public good fortune of some Soviet music. In Shostakovich, other factors are the catchiness of occasional melodies and the avoidance of almost anything that requires the listener's effort, while at the same time audiences have the illusion of being confronted with grand, difficult and important symphonic proportions. (As in "Gone with the Wind," length is sought for its own sake.) But more decisive than these are, perhaps, the concepts and incidents the music tries to glorify. The ideas of socialism and the scenes of battle, expressed more in the printed program notes than in the music, are almost as extrinsic to the essential musical substance as the national label. They group themselves, moreover, with national considerations as elements to which our specifically musical interests become subservient. These interests become subservient to such an extent that the freedom and independence for which music is ostensibly being preserved in this war cease to exist.

It would be an exaggeration to say that no relation at all is perceptible between the verbal marginalia and the Shostakovich music itself. Only a grandiloquent and romantic type of music would be consistent with these program notes. But once given this general type of music, a Tchaikovsky symphony may be heard in such a way as to suggest the concepts as much as one by a contemporary Russian. Thus, what we have is simply a reactionary trend back to the nineteenth-century formula of conflict, nostalgia and final triumph over evil, with the one difference that triumph in the final movement of a Shostakovich symphony is understood as the defeat of fascism or tsarism, whereas in romantic music the very same musical patterns of emotion represented the triumph of the artist's inner self over his oppressive environment.

It is hard to believe that a Shostakovich, armed with a few social doctrines in their superficial outline, is capable of approaching the reputation of a musician like Prokofiev, who has so much more talent and taste. Both have made their imposing gestures to the war effort: one through a crassly sensational report on the siege of Leningrad; the other, through an opera, "War and Peace," which may conceivably turn out to be a pretentious undertaking, but which seems, in the choice of the Napoleonic episode from Tolstoy's novel, a somewhat more subtle allusion to our times. Prokofiev's approach is determined by his attachment to musical traditions which he, in his "Classical" Symphony of 1917, was one of the first to revive, and which Hindemith and Stravinsky are doing the most to reinforce, and Shostakovich and wartime impetus the most to destroy. Prokofiev's response to propaganda needs usually takes the more properly musical form of the emotional underlining of ideas projected through a text or scenario. In this way his action is not measurably different from that of a Schönberg who has just turned from his normal esoteric content of ghoulish and stifled personal anguish to make a timely setting of Byron's "Ode to Napoleon," or of a Darius Milhaud who has completed an opera, "Bolivar," which will be useful in our good-neighbor policy.

These composers do not force a symphony to say what it is incapable of saying. In Shostakovich's "Leningrad" Symphony, on the other hand, when the Germans make their naïve entrance in what is considered the bolero-like part, the natural movement of some rather pleasant material is awkwardly intercepted by the relentless repetitions of a theme which has, moreover, a doubtful place in a symphonic development. Such music reinstates the crudest practice of romantic composers. It is obvious that a formal distortion could only be justified by a literary program if music were capable of conveying anything but a puerile story.

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On a more sophisticated plane, the neo-programmatic trend in which Shostakovich is involved has fascinated American composers more and more perceptibly during the last decade. The war, as far as America is concerned, is too young to have reflected itself appreciably as yet in the products of this trend. But, like many Russian works, they anticipated the war's concept of freedom, and now that hostilities have begun they seem ready-made for topical exploitation. It seems probable, furthermore, that just as the last war helped to shift composers from a German allegiance to a French, this one may intensify the influence of the Soviets (not in the idiomatic devices, but in the ideological wrappings). The grandiose conceptions of Harris' symphonies, with their Whitmanesque prose prefaces, leave no doubt as to their affinity. If Harris is America's Shostakovich, Copland may be said to be its Prokofiev, merely in the relatively more sensitive approach to a music for democracy. In "A Lincoln Portrait," the recited text deals with the American people and their solemn duty while the music underlines this with a quiet intensity and an American atmosphere which is contributed mostly by Copland's personal style and only incidentally, though delightfully, by a skillfully abstract use of folk song.

But even the finest music composed in the vein of democratic idealism betrays the impetus which might have originally given rise to the movement. The same men who were deliberately writing esoteric music for limited groups in 1930, have now turned to a music of a wider appeal with the same deliberateness and the same propensity to elevate one facet of art into a unique value. Like Tin Pan Alley, which has been forming committees, offering prizes and tearing its hair out in search of *the* song for this war, the "serious" composers try to guarantee reception in advance. Nothing points to the identity of their problem so much as the way in which meetings of the War Music Council under Oscar Hammerstein II recall the conferences of "serious" composers before and during the war.

The "serious" composers have nothing so powerful as the plugging machine for insinuating their efforts into public consciousness. But anxiety over immediate reception may lead them to a greater and greater concern with the same vitiating factors that bear down upon Broadway "tunesmiths" as a result of this peculiar contemporary mechanism for the dissemination of popular music. Before they can get to the public, the tunesmiths must get past the bosses of the plugging syndicates. But the most honest utterances are not always capable of achieving this end. The Negro of the last war who expressed the following sentiment (as recorded by John Jacob Niles), for example, would not have the slightest chance:

> Jined the army for to get new clothes
> Lordy, turn your face on me,
> What we're fightin' 'bout, nobody knows—
> Lordy, turn your face on me. . . .

But even after a song is emasculated to please the bosses, there are superficial requirements of public success to consider. There is the danger that certain pious spirits may be offended by a song like "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." There is the necessity of catering to "the yokelry from the stix," transferred to army posts and defense jobs in big cities, who must be made to feel at home with the hill-billy type of song and vocal style. There is the worry over whether the public, as Irving Berlin claims, is sufficiently bathed in blood to take the word "kill." Tormented and paralyzed by so many problems of this nature, Tin Pan Alley has worked itself up into a much publicized hysteria which carries it to such lengths that some of us may find ourselves willing to adopt Shaw's slogan: "Wars if you must, but for God's sake no war songs."

The curious vein of affirmation in some American and Russian "serious" music reflects the same tendency as that of the popular composers to remain at the level of the status quo. But there is a warning for "serious" composers in Tin Pan Alley's present frantic awareness of the contradiction between this tendency and the aspect of revaluation and probing in vital creation. The Broadway song-writers realize only too keenly that it will not suffice for this war to have another rah-rah song suggesting a holiday excursion "over there" to finish things up for the Allies. Anything touching on deeper and more debatable issues, however, runs the risk of criticism which may delay reception. The song-writers, moreover, complain that plugging exhausts a new item too quickly, and that this is why there is no lingering song of this war. But plugging to ensure rapid consumption is merely a corollary of their own action of using the most stereotyped formulas to facilitate popular assimilation.

The merging of the aims of serious and popular composers may ultimately place us in a position in which we will not always be supporting the freest expression, as we believe we are doing, when we support music. So much of it will have lost its freedom. Those who fancy themselves perpetuating the spiritual aspects as their contribution to the war effort can still, however, fulfill this altruistic intention where music is concerned by extending their support to compositions which are not otherwise supported either by a preëxisting general acceptance (as in the case of Mozart, Beethoven, etc.), timely national alliances or topical extra-musical concepts. In America, for example, we have worthy composers like Walter Piston or Roger Sessions whose faithfulness to purely musical aims at a time like this should not go unnoticed. There is also the influx here of the most creative European musicians, among them the finest of all, Igor Stravinsky. If anything has been gained by us musically from this war, certainly it is their presence. When are we to take advantage of this gain?

ARTHUR BERGER

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Washington Notes

That Famine and Other Matters

THIS IS FEBRUARY—the famine month. Do you remember the article by Louis Bromfield in The Reader's Digest last August, "We Aren't Going to Have Enough to Eat"? It was a jolly little number, going out to the eight, or ten, or whatever-it-is, millions of Digest war readers, calculated to scare the daylights out of them, and grimly headlined by the implacably anti-New Deal editors, "What muddling in Washington has done to our food supply." Yes, February is famine month. Listen to Farmer Bromfield's terrifying description: "The situation will grow worse this fall and reach its most desperate stage this winter, especially from February on. 'February,' Herbert Hoover points out from his experience, 'is always the black month—the month to be feared the most.' If it were possible, I would rather not think about next February. By then most of our people will be living on a diet well below the nutrition level."

So draw your belts tighter, my hearties. Warm up the stub of that last candle or gnaw on a piece of old shoe-leather. For doesn't Farmer Bromfield warn us "Before we have finished, this tragic food situation will go down as one of the most senseless scandals in American history"? And, as the Digest editors explain, "He has spent months investigating the food crisis." Ho-hum.

The soldiers'-vote issue in Congress has gone completely political, and Mr. Roosevelt has knocked a political home run over the left-field bleachers at a time when the startled Republicans did not even know he was up at bat. That, in essence, is the story of the President's surprise special message to Congress and the consternation and uncertainty it has left in the Republican ranks. This correspondent got no particular joy over watching the show of breast-beating that followed among administration Senators last week as they echoed the President's charge of "fraud" and gloated over the predicament in which the Republicans found themselves by their own stupidity. The show was funny, and a trifle disgusting. How could the Republicans ever have got themselves into such a situation?—that was one question wondering correspondents of conservative and liberal shades of opinion alike asked themselves in the gallery. Mr. Roosevelt has grabbed the issue, and the man in the street sees it now in stark and glaring and somewhat oversimplified contrast: Mr. Roosevelt defending the right of the soldiers to vote; Congress, and particularly the Republicans, trying to prevent it. That is the impression, ultimately that will probably reach the men in the trenches. What is more, the charge is, let us say, 75-percent true. Until Mr. Roosevelt's message, the Republicans on the House side were trying to avoid a straight-out roll-call by a snide trick which they hoped would defeat the simplified federal ballot without a record vote. On the first 100 names to a petition to force a direct roll-call there was only one Republican signature, Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota.

Uniformed servicemen looked down from the galleries while all this was going on, wondering what it was all about. This was what took the relish out of the thing for the sensitive observer. They were so young, these boy soldiers, and the crafty politicians were so old.

Well, Mr. Roosevelt has again shown what the Old Maestro can do with a mere flick of the wrist, and he has dozens more tricks up that capacious sleeve. All he needs for his task is lots of Senator Tafts, Harrison Spanglers and Joe Martins. This correspondent frankly admits that he had about decided the Republicans were going to win next fall's election. But this was based on the postulate that the Republicans were going to try to defeat Roosevelt. Sometimes it looks now as though they are really on his side.

M. J. Coldwell, parliamentary secretary of the Socialist Canadian CCF—Coöperative Commonwealth Federation—has been in Washington, made a speech, and gone back to Canada again, where he expects a national election this summer, some time before the American presidential election. Mr. Coldwell naturally attracts attention as head of the fastest growing new liberal party in North America. Its rise has been meteoric and the next election may make or break it. Coldwell turns out to be a short, broad-shouldered, professional type of man, with a good platform manner and definitely of the parliamentary rather than of the ranting school. With a sort of mild grimness, he calls for the nationalization of banks, monopolies and key industries. His party is now the official opposition in three dominion legislatures, including Ontario, the largest. He has achieved a union of farmers and workers; soldiers' polls have supported him and a sketchy Gallup Poll indicated that his party might have the largest percentage of popular following in Canada. Coldwell thinks he is in front of a "British Commonwealth trend" toward "greater social ownership and control," and he cites New Zealand, Australia and the British Labor Party. Among other things, he wants Canada to join the Pan American Union.

This correspondent can say positively that oilman Joseph Pew, the Republican money-bag, is implacably opposed to the nomination of Wendell Willkie. What is more, Pew believes he has taken the steps necessary to stop Willkie by advance missionary work in some 20 key states. Mr. Pew's hatred of Willkie is of the joyous, undying variety that can be listed among the political divinities.

The drive to "get Willkie," from one source or another, is reaching fantastic lengths. In one of his letters to ex-Mayor Sparks, George N. Briggs, now under indictment for forgery, appended this little-noticed footnote: "P. S. The more I think of it, the more interested I become in any opportunity to devote my time to putting the skids under W. W." There is a peculiar analogy between the ways in which the Old Guard efforts to injure Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie react to their intended victim's benefit. Mr. Willkie has apparently gained, so far, by the GOP smear campaign. No evidence has yet been forthcoming that connects Sparks with any of the GOP higher-ups, and he appears to be a small-time bungler. But Pew is another sort. He feels he has a mortgage on the Republican nomination, and he is going to collect.

Washington T. R. B.

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Pow, Bam and Sock

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" is Preston Sturges' most gag-concentrated comedy, his smoothest, most artificial, cautious and showmanlike one, his most consciously Mack Sennett-modernized, and his most entertaining film.

Sturges has realized his trademark in this movie better than in any of his other films—that is, to keep a picture exploding from scene to scene with a great frenzy, excitement and energy, by gagging anything either for a laugh or to keep the pace and nature of the movie close to a rout. The most endearing quality of Sturges' roughhouse is that it is pulled off with speed, positiveness and pleasure; there is no pettiness, innuendo, or the puss-in-boots naughtiness that one finds in the comedies of Lubitsch, or the bored, effortless kind that is so popular everywhere today in which the person is paid to be funny and does so—ennui and all. Sturges enters a film like a runner starting a race—to have a good time for his money, to do the best he can under the circumstances, and under no circumstances to allow anything to slow down. Nothing is smooth or exact, but it is all full of spirit. Even his slynesses—his maneuvering of leg-art into most scenes or his mere aping of sincere movie art—are good-natured, clean, vigorous and in character. Sturges' films come very close to the energetic sadism of primitive comic strips like "The Katzenjammer Kids," and they are a fine pleasure.

He has two essentially funny facts in this movie. The first is Homer: played so well by Eddie Bracken, who is beaten to his socks because of his humility, fine nature and dependability by his girl (Betty Hutton), her sister, a fifteen-year-old brain (Diana Lynn) and their father (William Demarest). The story of this picture—the policeman's daughter who has a child but no father for it and picks out Homer to be the father—is only incidental to the main theme, which is to kick Homer around the movie. Homer is a fine character because he has more than one terrible malignancy to suffer from: he has three to be exact—a stutter, high blood pressure, which he calls "the spots" and which choke him up at important occasions, and the gesture of slapping his hands together to stop his stuttering. Along with that he is a likable youth whom Sturges has dressed well, given a good upbringing and made as ingratiating as possible (by his choice of Mr. Bracken to play the part), so that you don't feel he is just another punching bag for a slapstick comedy—even though the film amounts to a complexity of slow takes, humiliations, falls, agonized screams and speechless apoplecticisms by Homer. Homer's humanity and wholesomeness give a roundness and likableness that is extremely important to the movie because no other character gives them. The other funny fact is the relationship of unrestricted loathing that exists between the very smart younger sister and her father. This is a nice clean affair; they hate each other—and rightly so—and this isn't confused.

A Sturges player must have the same bounding energy as the movie he is in and provide a face and personality that are (save for the hero's) quite striking but devoid of humanity. The characters he has chosen and directed in this picture are perfect fits—for instance, the dowdy fat hen who plays the blues trombone at the social, Porter Hall's justice of the peace, who enters the film looking through a stereopticon, the Louise Fazenda character who serves as witness for the young people's wedding, and the brief but wonderful performance by Akim Tamiroff as the state political boss—all have the great clarity and bizarre provincialism that is demanded. The playing is generally more vigorous than perfect—for instance Bracken's stutter almost never seems right, but the roughness of pace, speech and manner is all part of the conscious primitivism.

There is a catch to all of this. While Sturges forces his roughhouse as fast as he can from one gag to another, somewhere very far distant and very faint is the story—the movie is in other words hollow. It is a business completely of surface and you are always conscious of both its lack of insides and the extreme forcing that goes on. Unlike the comedies with Chaplin, Keaton or Fields, or those of Clair, the gags are seldom the natural product of the type of character involved, but are set-ups that the character is pushed headlong into. There is always in a Sturges film, the feeling that he is above most of his comedy effects and that he is stooping quite far to make use of a comedy of which he realizes the entertainment value, as well as the fact that he realizes that a more profound, devastating satire (which he is more capable of in movies than anyone I know) is impossible in Hollywood and slapstick is a formula to rest comfortably in. It is the difference between feeling that Sennett or the man who draws the Katzenjammer Kids is right in his own back yard while Sturges is actually slumming. Everything comes out extremely well because he has an amazing talent for comedy and moving pictures; he gives a film every ounce of his energy and attention, and he is quite irresponsible anyway, so there is no confusion. This is, in other words, a good movie.

MANNY FARBER

The Cherry Orchard

The Cherry Orchard. Translated by Irina Skariatina. National Theatre, January 25, 1944.

THE ROLE of a dramatic critic is a sour thing at worst, though at best a critic—a creative critic as they say—may be constructive and of genuine use to the theatre. He may, at times, shall we say, both be useful to the theatre-going public and well worth his salt to the theatre, which as every worker in it knows needs salt, and sadly. A daily newspaper fares better in that it may for the nonce stick to sheer news, to be or not to be followed later on, as of a Sabbath article, by more abstract lucubrations. A journal, monthly or, like The New Republic, weekly, is supposed to follow matters through somewhat further and to invite a different consideration.

The news of this production of "The Cherry Orchard" is that to begin with it is an entirely honorable venture; that it is well worth seeing by everyone; and that for those who have never seen this play before it is necessary, it must be seen. All of which having been said, we arrive here in these columns at perhaps a thankless moment. We have a season and a theatre, say, where nobody is wholly to blame for this or that, everybody all round is to some extent to blame, though those in the theatre profession are more

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to blame at that. Here we have a situation in which actors who are at the top, such as it is, on our stage, are afraid to take a chance, to do a young fresh drama, to enlarge the horizon of dramatic writing, et cetera. They sink into playing trash and hope it goes over, though they have the prestige, funds and financial backing to risk other considerations. They do very little for the theatre and nothing for the drama as such. There are some pleasant pieces running, but nothing—we might accept the "Othello," cut as it is and brought into a somewhat false readiness of comprehension—that does anything for the flight or evolution of dramatic writing or theatre art. And for most of our leading Broadway lights—for all the leading ones, in fact—I would say that they would not willingly, even in an endowed theatre where no money could be lost, take a chance on any drama they could not believe would be a hit, if need be a hit in the raw, as it were. Then along comes this clear venture of "The Cherry Orchard," taking a brave chance and, right or wrong, honest. Honest, sometimes innocent, but never fake.

The translation of the play, credited to Irina Skariatina, is far above the published versions of "The Cherry Orchard" that have usually been adopted. In these versions Chekhov turns out to be that strange and dour creature that no Russian ever recognizes. A misty, moony, mucky author he seems, spiritually full of a strange squalor, and so subtle that only amateurish performers or performances were apt to come his way. In amateur art the amateurish is apt to be, as they say of foods, an extender, but not vital or life-giving. And in our Anglo-Saxon theatre the word "intellectual" is likely to paralyze us, exactly as, in the rhyme, the query about which foot came first checked the centipede, which up to then had been walking all right. This newest version of "The Cherry Orchard" lacks fluency now and then, as in the speeches of Gaev or Trofimov, but on the whole follows Chekhov's intelligent text with—I have compared it with the play in Russian—respect and accurate decency.

The one big point to stress in this discussion is that Chekhov's play seems fairly tricky unless the whole, general current is created, unless there is a unity of current and mood among all involved. These characters give and take life among themselves, they are happy in their vitality, they are tortured in their responsiveness, they shine, they weep, they move all together as, in St. Paul's great phrase, parts of one another's bodies. Only the silliest of stages can believe this will arrive overnight or over some months of nights. But it can be more and more approximated.

The performance, out of all the company, that was closest to Chekhov's intentions, was that of Miss Katherine Emery, as Varya, adopted daughter of the heroine, Lyubov, in love with the peasant rich man Lopahin, who finally buys the cherry orchard. Miss Emery understood and projected the inner pressure and outer torment that is implicit in Chekhov's method and presentation. Nobody else did so quite. Mr. Stefan Schnabel, for example, as Lopahin, protested too outwardly, in thought and gesture. Miss Leona Roberts in a small way gave a good performance for Charlotta, the governess, though, as a portion of the general taming of our wild Chekhov, her role was greatly and wrongly cut down. The taming of her tricks, of her ventriloquism and of her lacing herself tight, are all indications of what happens to Chekhov when we know better than he does.

Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, in the frighteningly famous role of Gaev, the family brother, approached the portrayal with a punch and vulgarity that must be mentioned no doubt but may otherwise be left aside save for the wretched bleeding of the play thereby.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne, looking very beautiful as the incredible Lyubov Andreyevna, in all her intensity, vagary and fascination, played well enough—though not well enough either for the Chekhov or Le Gallienne. She needs, in the first place, to get the right corset for that epoch, 1904, without which her excellent costumes look, especially from the back, quite wrong. In her speeches she needs to get a stream of continuity in the thinking, so that the lines flow and create a unified whole, tragic, comic and convincing. The trouble with this production—*in toto*—of "The Cherry Orchard" is the lack of complete unity and pressure of life. Such are words easy to say but present a need that is but partly solved with months of effort and playing together. And apart from this highly worthy occasion, the fact remains that very few of our players would take such suggestions as would Miss Le Gallienne. It is part of her gallantry and of her dear, heroic little figure in our theatre.

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

Langer [Sen. William Langer of North Dakota] charged that Lamont and other wealthy "internationalists" engineered the nomination [of Willkie] as part of the "continuing effort of the British to regain control over the United States lost in the Revolutionary War." – *From The New York Daily News.*

From Asia also come some of the greatest, most cruel and ruthless conquerors. Among them Darius, Cambyses, Attila, Saladin, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane. Therefore to say that Stalin is an Asiatic is in no way derogatory. – *Karl H. Von Wiegand in The San Francisco Examiner.*

So *That's* All Right

The exclusion of Jews from some clubs has been deplored and for a fact it is ungenerous and smug, but the Jews shouldn't really mind. They are excluded also from some horrible boredom and long-winded and mirthless jokes. – *From Westbrook Pegler's syndicated column.*

That All-Out Effort

Due to the difficulties of wartime Laundry Service as well as the problem of replacement we request that each guest limit his requirements to two bath towels and two hand towels per day. Be Patriotic—coöperate. – *A notice from the House Committee of The Standard Club, Chicago.*

Total-War Department

The Luftwaffe is believed to have issued an order this week that every fighter pilot who has not been credited with downing at least one Allied plane must either get one in his next air battle or crash-dive his plane into an Allied bomber. – *From The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Church and Anti-Semitism

SIR: It is gratifying to know that Judge Joseph M. Proskauer has been addressed by Mgr. Francis J. Spellman, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, in commendation of the jurist's efforts against "racial animosities."

It is assumed that the Archbishop's statement is directed against hatred for Jews, although he did not say this. If he had, it would have been an effective answer from a high ecclesiastical source to those who are now taking the line that charges of anti-Semitism in large American cities—in Boston for instance—are pure myth.

May I suggest that Monsignor Spellman's words would have been more reassuring to this humble citizen, if (a) his letter had been accompanied by acknowledgment of error in not having used his very ample prestige and authority to prevent the sale of Social Justice at the very steps of most Catholic churches in his archdiocese, including his cathedral; and (b) if he could be induced to condemn by chapter and verse Christian Frontism, Coughlinism and kindred activities carried on in such close collaboration with churchmen and often with a church press, so that all too many citizens consider them to have church approval.

Will Monsignor Spellman, with regard to this kind of activity, at least go so far as did Notre Dame University, which would not permit Professor McMahon to speak out against a notorious Fascist lest his words be considered as representing the university's attitude? Will he not at least have the same kind of concern for making the Church's attitude on anti-Semitism clear by categorically dissociating it from the activities of the kind of men I have mentioned?

To the stock answer that the Church authorities cannot interfere with "freedom of speech," may I rebut that (a), the question of free speech has never troubled the Church authorities where there has been a question of controlling the unwelcome utterances of its clergy or its writers and educators, and (b), it is inconceivable that the sale of any journal would be allowed for five minutes at the steps of a church at mass time if such sale were unwelcome to those there in control.

Cambridge, Mass. LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH

Mr. Fennelly Protests

SIR: I must call your attention to a serious misquotation of a speech of mine in your issue of January 3. The statement in [The Bandwagon] read as follows:

"Full employment," said Fennelly [John F. Fennelly, executive director of the New York State Committee for Economic Development, addressing the Investment Bankers' Association of America], "would be incompatible with the free enterprise system which carries with it the right to a normal float of unemployed."

I give you below the correct reference from my speech which was reprinted in full by The Commercial and Financial Chronicle of New York City:

> If by full employment we mean guaranteeing work to every man, woman, and child in the United States, we shall be undertaking an objective which is not only impossible to accomplish, but one which, in my honest opinion, is incompatible with the free enterprise system. The very idea of a free enterprise system carries with it the right to shift from one occupation to another, with the result that we are always certain to have a normal float of those who are in process of transfer from one job to another.

Because of the confusion of thought as to just what is meant by the term "full employment," we in the Committee for Economic Development have felt it necessary to use the phrase "a satisfactory high level of employment" rather than "full employment." By a satisfactory high level of employment, we have stated in all our publications that we mean a postwar goal of approximately 55,000,000 civilian jobs. This goal is based on the assumption of a total postwar working population of 60,000,000 persons, from which are deducted an estimated 2,500,000 men in the Armed Services and another 2,500,000 persons in an unemployed transitional float.

JOHN F. FENNELLY, Executive Director,
The Committee for Economic Development
Washington, D. C.

[We regret that Mr. Fennelly was misquoted in our pages. His chief quarrel, however, should be with The Federated Press, and not with The New Republic, since we reprinted fully and exactly the material on him sent out by that agency.—THE EDITORS]

Multum in Parvo

SIR: What superb *multum in parvo* is: "They forget that Negro taxes are a measure of low Negro pay, not of the work and wealth they have supplied the South for two centuries" ("The Southern Way," by Thomas Sancton, The New Republic, December 20). Worthy to live with Sarah Cleghorn's poem:

> The golf links lie so near the mill
> That almost every day
> The laboring children can look out
> And see the men at play.

Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass. T. R. POWELL

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Miss Angeline Gale, of Naperville, Illinois, writes to say that she feels the picture of conditions among migrant workers given by David S. Burgess in "The Joads—Still Out of Luck" (The New Republic, January 10) is somewhat overdrawn. Miss Gale worked among migratory labor in Michigan for some time, and felt that the Farm Labor Office there, jointly sponsored by the United States Government's Agricultural Extension and Employment Service and by the Michigan Fruit Sponsors, was well administered. It is of course true that migratory workers get different kinds of treatment in various parts of the country. Mr. Burgess' article was based on experience in a number of states, including some in the Deep South.

The National Citizens' Committee for Winfred Lynn, 1 West One hundred twenty-fifth Street, New York City, informs us of a campaign to raise funds for the defense of Mr. Lynn. Winfred Lynn is a Negro who is contesting his induction into the army on the grounds that the army, by segregating Negro troops, is violating the Selective Service Act. The National Committee calls attention to the importance of this case, and the bearing it may have upon determining the future status of Negroes in the army.

Everett R. Clinchy, president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, calls to the attention of our readers the eleventh observance of Brotherhood Week, February 20-26. Mr. Clinchy points out the importance which Brotherhood Week—dedicated to combating racial and religious intolerance—has in the establishment of an enduring peace.

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THE BRITISH WHITE PAPER ON PALESTINE

A statement by the American Council for Judaism

Cutting across the broad issues relating to the future of Jews all over the world is the widespread, immediate concern in regard to the British White Paper of 1939. This official document, having taken cognizance of the tense situation created by two conflicting nationalist aspirations, attempts a re-solution of the problem by proposals that include the stoppage of immigration of Jews into Palestine after a fixed quota of immigrants has been exhausted and restrictions on their further acquisition of land in that country.

We of the American Council for Judaism record our unqualified opposition to those provisions. In behalf of the substantial section of American Jews whose views on Jewish problems coincide with ours, we petition our Government to use its best offices to prevail upon the British Government not to proceed with so prejudicial and unjust a policy.

We base our attitude on this fundamental fact: that proposals which exclude Jews, as Jews, from right of entry and restrict Jews, as Jews, from the acquisition of land, do violence to the fundamental concept of democratic equality and thus to the very purposes and ideals to which the United Nations are pledged.

The American Council for Judaism is dedicated to the view that Jews, a religious community, shall have, as of right and not on sufferance, full equality all over the world. As stated in our Declaration of Principles "For our fellow Jew we ask only this: equality of rights and obligations with their fellow nationals." This means equality in the countries in which we live and choose to remain; equality to return to those lands from which Jews have been forcibly driven; *equality to migrate wherever there is an opportunity for migration.*

We ask for no special privileges for Jews anywhere in the world. We will resist to the utmost the imposition of any disabilities on Jews anywhere in the world. There is no compromise on this basic demand.

The tragic plight of Jews in various parts of the world is the consequence of the break-down or inadequate implementation of the democratic concept which accords equality of rights and expects equality of obligations. Hope for postwar Jews and, indeed, for all mankind is that inequalities which have obtained in the past shall be permanently removed; and that national and international provisions and sanctions will make impossible a continuation or revival of differential treatment. Yet this very objective, for which in part this war is being fought, is violated in the White Paper.

There is yet time to correct this injustice and to reaffirm in ringing terms the principle of equality of opportunity. Sympathy for the victims of Nazi terror calls for the cancellation of so grievous a discrimination. Fidelity to the traditions of democracy and equality which animate the British people, the American people and freedom loving peoples everywhere, calls for the abrogation of a document that projects into the future the very evils and inequities against which the whole civilized world has risen in arms.

We are not unmindful of the nationalist conflict that led to the issuance of the White Paper. Our Statement of Principles declared, "We believe that the intrusion of Jewish national statehood has been a deterrent in Palestine's ability to play an even greater role in offering a haven for the oppressed, and that without the insistence upon such statehood, Palestine would today be harboring more refugees from Nazi terror."

The part played by Jewish nationalism, by the Zionist contention for political power, is made clear in the very White Paper that we oppose. Those who read the White Paper in its entirety will find the record of a long history of controversy deriving from nationalist claims, although the British Government time and again, made it clear that a "national home" was not synonymous with Jewish National State. In the face of such declarations, Zionists extended rather than modified their demands that the rights of Jews in Palestine be based upon acceptance of a so-called "Jewish State." This was done in the Biltmore Platform and again in the Palestine Resolution of the American Jewish Conference. Such demands have only exacerbated an already serious situation.

We stand at a cross-roads of decision, at a time of indescribable tragedy for our co-religionists in Axis Europe. Are we to be occupied with the creation of a Jewish National State? Or are we to be concerned with human lives, the lives of harassed and driven Jews?

We believe it a crucial wrong to confuse the two. One is a contention for a political ideology. The other is a battle for the elementary rights of men.

At the same time that we appeal that the unjust provisions of the White Paper be annulled, we call upon American Jews to organize in strength, out of deep concern for oppressed Jews everywhere, behind a non-nationalistic program to deal with the total Jewish problem. Beyond the abrogation of the White Paper lies the need for a basic solution. That solution, we believe, can come only when there is world wide recognition of the rights of Jews to full equality. It can come in Palestine only when the pretentions to Jewish Statehood are abandoned and we seek instead freedom of migration opportunity based on incontestable rights and not on special privilege. The declaration of our Statement of Principles is beyond challenge from any quarter. "We look forward to the ultimate establishment of a democratic autonomous government in Palestine, wherein Jews, Moslems and Christians shall be justly represented; every man enjoying equal rights and sharing equal responsibilities; a democratic government in which our fellow Jews shall be free Palestineans whose religion is Judaism even as we are Americans whose religion is Judaism."

(Published in the Information Bulletin of the Council of January 15, 1944)

We invite readers of *The New Republic* to send us their opinions and to communicate with us on our program.

THE AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR JUDAISM, INC.

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Books in Review

An Imaginary Interview

André Gide the greatest living French writer, came into Allied territory when the Germans were driven from Tunis. Soon afterwards, in Algiers, the review Fontaine began preparing a big number devoted to present-day American literature; Gide's contribution was the dialogue that follows. It forms part of a book, "Imaginary Interviews," which Knopf will publish later this year. — M. C.

I HADN'T SEEN my interviewer for more than a year, but at last he ran me to earth again; he wanted to talk about the issue that Fontaine was devoting to American literature. In what I thought was a disrespectful manner, he expressed surprise at my interest in the subject, hinting that nothing in the world seemed further from my proper field. . . .

"I have met two sorts of people in my long career," was what I began by saying. "The first consists of those who fall in love with everything that resembles themselves, in literature and art as well as in nature, and who feel cheated by any work that doesn't offer their image in a mirror. The second consists of those who travel through countries or books in search of an admonitory strangeness, and who enjoy a landscape all the more for being different from themselves. I belong to the second class. No other contemporary literature arouses my curiosity more than that of the United States—not even that of the new Russia."

I added that there was nothing new about my eagerness to hear what America was saying, and that I was probably one of the first in France to admire Melville, since I had been urging my friends to read him long before Giono undertook his translation of "Moby Dick." It was the same with Thoreau's "Walden"; I remember the day when Fabulet met me in the Place de la Madeleine and told me about his discovery. "An extraordinary book," he said, "and one that nobody in France has heard about." It happened that I had a copy of "Walden" in my pocket.

"As regards more recent authors," I continued, "other Frenchmen were ahead of me: it was Malraux who made me read Hemingway and Faulkner. I have to confess that it took me some time to become acclimated to the latter, although I now regard him as one of the most important, perhaps *the* most important, of the stars in this constellation. But the one who gave me the keenest satisfaction was Steinbeck. As regards Dos Passos, I admire him more than he captivates me. He gives the impression of following a recipe; his pointillism wears me out, even though it is highly effective; and his intrepid modernism is the sort that grows old before its time. I have trouble following him through a series of snapshots that dazzle me one after the other; they remain so unrelated in my mind that, after patiently reading the 500-odd pages of 'Manhattan Transfer' or 'The 42nd Parallel,' I would have been completely unable to group my successive impressions around a center, and even unable to decide what the author had been saying, about whom. Nevertheless I had been held and dominated from page to page; I was forced to admit that here was 'something big.'"

HE.—Might I ask whether you read these new authors in the original?

GIDE.—The truth is that I usually have to depend on translations, but several of these impress me as being first-class—those by Maurice Coindreau and Michel Tyr in particular. I have no trouble understanding English, but it seems to me that American has been tending more and more to become a separate language. Very often I find myself halted by phrases or idioms that make me wish for a new dictionary, since they don't appear in those we now possess.

HE.—You must find that quite troublesome.

GIDE.—Much less so than one might suppose. It sometimes happens that the author gains by these fleeting misapprehensions, since his own meaning perhaps falls short of what I imagine it to be. The difficulty of the language also keeps me from making hasty judgments. Thus, I can't measure the accuracy of certain dialogues; in "The Grapes of Wrath," for example. . . .

HE.—That is said to be Steinbeck's best book.

GIDE.—I should prefer "In Dubious Battle," a novel in which the most urgent and bitterly argued of social questions is presented—I almost said, "played"—in a wholly impartial light, with a profound feeling for psychology and a very sure artistic sense that leads to compelling simplifications and formalizations, thus transforming this picture of a strike and all its complicated issues into something bold and legendary. But Steinbeck, in my opinion, has written nothing more skillful and nearly faultless than some of the stories in a volume called "The Long Valley"; they equal or surpass the best tales of Chekhov.

HE.—Fontaine has asked you to write an essay on the present state of literature in the United States.

GIDE.—I feel that I am not at all qualified for that task. Although I have read more than a score of books by their new novelists, I know scarcely anything about the poets. It is good to hear that our friend Jean Wahl is presenting their work in translation.

HE.—Mightn't you at least make some general statement about the novelists?

GIDE.—Not even that. It would require more perspective, in spite of the fact that distance in space is often equivalent to distance in time, as Racine asserted in his preface to "Bajazet." Some of these novels seem far from us, and yet —don't you agree?—they touch us closely. Above all, this is true of Hemingway, and particularly of "A Farewell to Arms," a book that is palpitating with life and full of sensibility interfused with intelligence. . . . I have none of his love for bullfighting, and yet there is no American author I would rather meet.

HE.—I'll grant you Hemingway, since he is the most European of them all. As for the others, I have to confess that their strangeness appals me. I thought I would go mad with pain and horror when I read Faulkner's "Sanctuary" and his "Light in August." Dos Passos makes me suffocate. I laugh, it is true, when reading Caldwell's "Journeyman"

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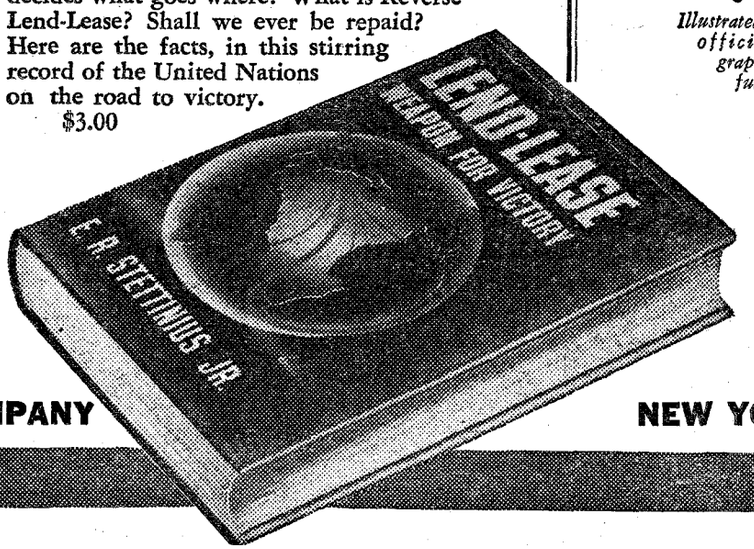

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK

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or "God's Little Acre," but I laugh on the wrong side of my mouth. . . . There is no doubt that each of these great novelists impresses me as having a powerful individuality—and yet after the naïve but resolute and instinctive optimism of Whitman, of Emerson, of Melville, how do you explain that these more recent writers have chosen to portray an equal depth of abject suffering and blindness? If one believes what they are saying, these American cities and countrysides must offer a foretaste of hell.

GIDE.—Don't believe a word of it. Each of these authors is a realist, it is true, but in his own fashion. When he paints the American world for us, he isn't so much reflecting it as opposing it. You might say that he is achieving a consciousness of his own nature by reacting against the world outside. Faulkner in particular, with his Southern background, is and remains essentially, powerfully and in the full sense of the word, a *Protestant.*

HE.—I remember a remark of Rathenau's that you set down in your journal. "America," he told you in 1921, "has no soul and will not deserve to have one until it consents to plunge into the abyss of human sin and suffering." I cite these words from memory because they impressed me.

GIDE.—Ever since the last war, American literature has done a great deal to draw its readers out of the soulless contentment that Rathenau complained about, not to mention the state of quivering lethargy and mechanized innocence that was depicted in Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt." Dreiser already, the first of their somber authors . . . unless we go back to Edgar Allan Poe.

HE.—Yes, those authors have taken the great plunge into the abyss, Faulkner especially; and yet there is not one of his characters who, properly speaking, has a soul. For them and for him, the moral question simply doesn't exist.

GIDE.—It doesn't exist in the new Russia either. Perhaps it doesn't exist anyw re except as a human invention. I wonder whether it h 't tormented us long enough? Might it be that a new manity is preparing to abolish it? . . . But that discussion uld carry us too far.

HE.—Something el surprises me: the violently and stubbornly esthetic, lit ry and sometimes even artificial aspect of some of thes ecent productions. I was thinking, for example, of Fa ner's extraordinary "As I Lay Dying." Does that r sent still another reaction?

GIDE.—Against orting; there isn't much doubt on that score. America the fatherland of reporters. Now, just as photography absolved painting from reproducing nature and imitating the real world, might we not say that in America, more than anywhere else in the world, reporting carried to a state of perfection—as in Dana's masterpiece, "Two Years Before the Mast"—had the effect of liberating fiction from everything that did not properly belong to it? I don't know, I am asking a question. . . .

And speaking at random, there is one of these recent authors, Dashiell Hammett, who is doubtless not in the same class as the four great figures we began by discussing. Again it was Malraux who drew my attention to him; but for the last two years I have been vainly trying to find a copy of "The Glass Key," which Malraux specially recommended; it couldn't be procured either in the original or in translation, whether on the Riviera or in North Africa. Hammett, it is true, often squanders his great talent on detective stories; they are unusually good ones, no doubt, like "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon," but a little cheap—and one could say the same of Simenon. For all of that, I regard his "Red Harvest" as a remarkable achievement, the last word in atrocity, cynicism and horror. Dashiell Hammett's dialogues, in which every character is trying to deceive all the others and in which the truth slowly becomes visible through a fog of deception, can be compared only with the best in Hemingway. If I speak of Hammett, it is because I seldom hear his name mentioned.

HE.—You haven't said anything about Caldwell. Is that because you think he is less important?

GIDE.—Not at all. But I'm not trying to draw up a list of school prizes. If I haven't spoken about Erskine Caldwell, it is because he troubles me. He evades the categories and theories that I am trying to elaborate; what I was saying about the others does not wholly apply to him, and that is all to his credit. But the quality in which he resembles them is the interest he takes in life. All these new American authors are seized and held like children by the present moment, by the here and now; they are far from books and free from the ratiocination, the preoccupations, the feelings of remorse that darken and complicate our old world. That is why a closer acquaintance with them can be very profitable to those of us who are burdened with the weight of our too rich past. Goodbye. Leave me quickly, before I begin thinking of objections.

Translated by Malcolm Cowley ANDRÉ GIDE

Yes, But . . .

A Preface to Peace, by Harold Callender. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pages. $3.

HAROLD CALLENDER, foreign correspondent of The New York Times for more than fifteen years, reviews events since the First World War in a plea for the abandonment of American isolationism, and for an alliance with Britain and Russia as the practical means of avoiding future wars. The argument against isolationism is ably presented, but the problem, which Mr. Callender does not analyze sufficiently, is not merely whether America shall be part of the world, but on what terms and with what kind of a world.

Mr. Callender says that the defeat of Germany in 1918 did not ensure economic reconstruction because the democratic powers abandoned their unity the moment the enemy was vanquished, and the question whether a more enduring peace can be achieved this time rests primarily in the hands of the United States. Maintaining that the failure of Woodrow Wilson, our desire for "normalcy," our prejudices and our fears of vast economic projects which appear revolutionary, all contribute toward the negativeness of our foreign policy, he emphasizes the necessity for a more positive approach to American assumption of responsibility as a world power. The analysis of Britain's need to stand by Russia is convincing, especially in view of the uncertainty as to whether America will "achieve sufficient unity regarding foreign affairs to adopt a policy befitting her defensive needs." Similarly, there is a clear analysis of why the United States must insist on a general international organization if we enter a framework of security with Britain and

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Russia so as to safeguard the interests of smaller nations for whose independence we are concerned. It is all the more surprising, therefore, to find Mr. Callender drawing back from this realization, contending that we must think in terms of power politics, and presenting a rather niggling program of international organization which involves on our part overwhelming armaments as safeguards, coöperation with Britain and Russia to prevent aggression, full employment, and expansion of the production and consumption of goods. He does not cope with the vexing problem of preventing an alliance of the great powers from degenerating into an unstable and suspicion-engendering balance of power based on spheres of influence.

It is axiomatic, as Mr. Callender says, that foreign policy is determined by self-interest. But there is little comfort in this knowledge. Both Wendell Willkie and Colonel McCormick are strong for self-interest. What we need to know is the areas of conflict and accommodation between great-power hegemony and world organization; when disputes should be settled unilaterally, bilaterally or internationally. But we need to know more than this. There is a kind of superficial internationalism which ignores the basic economic and political prerequisites for a healthy international order. The most ingenious system of international organization will fail, despite police forces and world courts, if it rests on an infected Europe of Francos, Badoglios and Vichyites.

To understand this is to be critical of American foreign policy as manifested in France, North Africa, Spain and Italy. But the State Department has chosen to defend each of its mistakes by reference to military necessity. And so Mr. Callender, talking of self-interest and power politics and grand alliances, is no man to be hard on Mr. Hull. He does not see the immorality of our sordid deals with the Spanish dictator, or the full implications of our earlier embargo against the struggling Spanish republic, which helped to bring fascism to Spain, to isolate France and to set the stage for the tragedy of the summer of 1940.

With regard to France, Mr. Callender reviews events as though our State Department were of one mind to secure to the French people as popular and democratic a government as possible; as though the considerations concerning the steps taken represented merely a conflict between those who believed that the most effective procedure was first to win the military war and then to proceed to political considerations, and on the other hand, those who held that political and military considerations must proceed together. Even in discussing the strictly military viewpoint, no consideration is given to the importance of having a program for democracy to which the people would rally and offer the utmost resistance to the enemy. The same weakness vitiates an otherwise competent discussion of Italian and, to a lesser extent, Pan American problems.

We are experiencing the throes of a world dying, of another being born. No policy today that is calculated to save the House of Savoy and the tyrant of Madrid—thus losing the respect of the world's people and a fighting chance for a lasting peace—is adequate. Mr. Callender's book is a contribution to thinking upon the troublesome international situation. It is regrettable that he has omitted sufficient consideration of the people themselves, so essential to any adequate preface to peace.

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The Hand of Esso

The Weeping Wood, by Vicki Baum. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 531 pages. $3.

POOR OLD HEVEA BRASILIENSIS may well weep real instead of rubber tears if it ever overhears anyone read aloud its biography as limned by Miss Vicki Baum in her newest novel, "The Weeping Wood." In her introduction the author says that "she has attempted to tell the story of rubber in terms of people." This might be an excellent recipe were Miss Baum's people not so monotonously lustful. (One might almost say that they all seem to fall into the same rut.) The result is that the story of rubber is merely made an incidental background for various Paphian amours—those of the Indian Manuel, the young botanist from Kew, the Viennese tycoon, Junior Tyler, Randolph Warrens.

The volume is divided into two books. The first tells how the white man came to know rubber; makes fleeting reference to Charles Goodyear's discovery of vulcanization; describes the life of the wild rubber gatherers in the Amazon; retells the story of the Putumayo atrocities; makes casual mention of how the rubber tree traveled from South America to the Far East without allowing this bit of botanical datum to interfere with a red-hot shipboard romance; and gives an account of life on an Eastern plantation. The second book covers the rubber industry's labor history; tells the life story of a fictional Akron rubber baron; describes how the Gestapo rubber-hosed an I. G. Farben scientist in Germany for sabotaging synthetic-rubber production in some mysterious way; relates how a German detail was wiped out in North Africa due to the failure of tires made from the defective rubber; pictures the president of mythical Usa Oil defending his company's synthetic-rubber activities before a Senate investigating committee; tells of a young chemist discovering a new synthetic rubber in Usa's laboratories; and concludes with a prescient glimpse of the return of rubber-growing to South America.

The first book treats only of things past; the second mainly of the present. Since the first book is semi-historical, the spots where fact and fiction are interwoven are obvious and, therefore, of no great concern. The practice of leavening fact with fiction is more objectionable in the second book because most readers will not be able to differentiate between the two.

The Akron labor story, for example, is poorly told. The reviewer knows from intimate contact, rather than from superficial observation such as Miss Baum's has been, that the rubber industry's labor history is a bad one. It need only be told factually to be effective. In Miss Baum's book it is weakened by the exaggeration in which she indulges. The many errors in descriptions of processes also blunt the sharp edge of fact. Miss Baum says that for this section she relied heavily upon her friend Ruth McKenney and the latter's book, "Industrial Valley," supposedly a history of labor in the Akron rubber industry. The result is ignorance compounded.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is the prototype of Miss Baum's Usa Oil. In connection with its synthetic-rubber activities, Usa gets into predicaments which have close parallels in Standard's history. In a chapter called "Washington Minutes," for example, Randolph Warrens, president of Usa, attempts, before a Senate committee, to justify the manner in which his company has handled its synthetic-rubber developments and also the relations it has had with Germany's I. G. Farbenindustrie. The words he uses have a familiar sound. Is it because they bear a great similarity to Standard's press releases, eagerly printed in 1942 by scores of the nation's newspapers anxious to please a top advertiser?

The author claims that in writing "The Weeping Wood" she studied enough books "to merit a modest Ph.D degree." If she wishes to read further and merit a more considerable Ph.D., may we recommend for her future study Part Six of the "Hearings Before the Committee on Patents of the U. S. Senate" and also Chapter 14 of "Germany's Master Plan," by Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welsh (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1943)?

About the only redeeming feature of Miss Baum's book is the chapter "American Mural." Here she has graphically pictured the Standard Oil Development Company's (Usa's) inept handling of research in a way that partly makes up for her weak criticism (or mild defense, it is hard to say which) of the oil company's actions in the thirties. The tirades which fictional chemist Allen Bullock delivers against industry's practice of wrapping scientists in shrouds of anonymity have long needed utterance. The purpose of this stratagem is to keep the technicians from growing self-important so that they will not start reaching for a share of the things they have created. All of the many real-life counterparts of Bullock's superior, Dr. Fizzlebottom, would profit by reading this chapter.

RALPH F. WOLF

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Near Miss

Target: Germany; The Army Air Forces' Official Story of the Eighth Bomber Command's First Year Over Europe. Published in coöperation with Life Magazine. New York: Simon and Schuster. 121 pages. Paper, $1; cloth, $2.

THERE HAVE NOW BEEN a fairish number of these volumes putting some flesh on the dry bones of the communiqués announcing that "A large force of our heavy bombers attacked yesterday," but this, the story of the Eighth Bomber Command, is the first to appear under American auspices. Most of these reports have been received with salutes of applause and never mind the expense for adjectives—not altogether without reason. It is impossible for the newspaper reader or even the radio listener to attain any clear or connected picture of what is going on in operations whose total is made up of a series of incidents widely separated by time and space and always inadequately reported when they occur.

This inadequacy in current reporting is partly due to a censorship imposed for genuine reasons of military security, as the present volume makes clear. It would, for instance, have been quite impossible to say during the winter of 1942-43 that the reason our heavy bombers had pretty much given up their attacks on Europe was that practically all the experienced pilots had gone to Africa and even replacements for the ground crews were wanting. We learn that when replacements fail to come through rapidly the morale of a bombing squadron suffers. It would have been in the highest degree unwise to remark that Flying Fortresses and Liberators could not operate together at peak efficiency at a time when there were so few big bombers that all attacks had to be made by mixed squadrons.

Part of the newspapers' failure to give us the news is due to the fact that it does not exist as such at the time. After a big raid some damaged planes land at small and distant airfields; some fall into the water and have their crews picked up by the British Air-Sea Rescue Service. The story of what happened in the air on a given raid is not complete till questioning officers have asked every crew member, "Well, exactly where were you at 11:21 when that Focke-Wolf blew up?" and have painstakingly collated all their notes into some semblance of certainty. What happened on the ground is not clear till snooper planes have taken their photos, and often not assured (for the Germans are very adroit at hiding genuine damage and setting up the appearance of disasters that do not in fact exist) till espionage and the underground have had a chance to tell their stories.

All this is explained in the book itself, which is the earliest form possible for the story of the Eighth Bomber Command during its initial year of operation from August, 1942, to August, 1943. It is well told; the Army Air Forces have been able to dispose of literary talents of a high order ever since the days of that remarkable little classic, "The Arctic Manual." The present writer, whoever he may be, has a military narrative style almost the equal of John W. Thomason's and is far enough from the event to overcome the invincible repugnance of commanders to admit that some operations are very tainted successes and some downright failures. He has managed to bring to life and to make as interesting as the actual fighting such comparatively unexhilarating matters as the struggles with mud and motor repairs.

But good as the book is, interesting as it is, "Target: Germany" is a piece of war journalism, an official document with all the implications of one. Nowhere is it so much as suggested that there may have been disagreements in the High Command; the tug-of-war with the British over the question of using our force for night bombing is not mentioned. The official rule that you may not mention any name but that of the general in command (what does it have to do with security anyhow?) is scrupulously respected.

"Target: Germany" is the beautifully illustrated and excellently documented history of the construction and operation of a mechanical instrument, with individuals existing only as faceless robots.

FLETCHER PRATT

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A Reader's List

ECONOMICS OF MILITARY OCCUPATION, by Henry S. Bloch and B. F. Hoselitz (The Foundation Press, $1.25). The term "war economics" generally implies home-front mobilization. We seldom realize that it may refer to the complex tasks that confront an army of occupation. The authors have given us, in this all too brief volume, a superbly organized and eminently sound treatment of currency, price and production control, exchange rates and banking under conditions of military occupation. The reader cannot but realize that total victory demands, in addition to men and material, a forceful application of the techniques of psychological and economic warfare. The German methods, the authors show, have been perfected with niceties of legal exploitation; the process of plunder has been made painless. The Allies, on the other hand, will have the infinitely more difficult job of restoring a prostrate European economy. Severing the tentacles of the German economic octopus will be complicated by the labyrinthic legal structure built by the Nazis. Whether that will be done effectively, however, depends largely on the kind of political outlook that seems lacking in high places.

THE DANUBIAN BASIN AND THE GERMAN ECONOMIC SPHERE, by Antonin Basch (*Columbia*, $3.50). This masterly study of international economics in the Danubian area is an answer to writers and economists who in recent years have held that Germany alone can succeed in solving the basic maladies of the Danubian economies. The author points out that "the countries concerned did not gain the advantages that they would have derived from a real customs and economic union with Germany, enabling them to buy and sell freely. Under the German scheme, no import or export was possible without licenses, nor was there any free movement of capital. Furthermore, Germany was not able to provide the agricultural countries with the needed long-term capital or to supply them with various necessary overseas commodities. Germany's economy was not adjusted to that of the partner—quasi-satellite—states; theirs had to be adjusted to hers, under compulsion to produce what she thought was needed by her armed economy." By searching for the fundamental economic weakness of the Danubian states and pointing out the mistakes and inadequacies of the efforts at economic integration after the last war, Basch warns that only "an ultimate change in the economic and social status of this neglected region will provide a new and safer balance for Europe as a while."

COLLAPSE OR BOOM AT THE END OF THE WAR?, by Harold G. Moulton and Karl Schlotterbeck (The Brookings Institution, 25 cents). A brief resumé of business trends in the United States after the War of 1812, the Civil War and the First World War leads the authors to the conclusion that if the government will be "constructive" after this war we shall get through the transition period quite nicely. Constructive action, as the authors see it, means cutting wages and raw-material prices, refraining from instituting much of a program of public works and discontinuing a comprehensive price-control program. The National Association of Manufacturers should find the little essay very useful.

Contributors

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